

# The Daily Mirror.

No. 14.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1903.

One Penny.

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dwarfs all other considerations. But those who daily  
use the "Encyclopædia Britannica" know also the  
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# TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Cold northerly breezes; frosty and fine periods, local snow or sleet showers. Lighting-up time for all vehicles, 5.5.

## SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, moderate to smooth; North Sea, rather rough to moderate; Irish Channel, moderate.

321st Day of Year.

Tuesday, Nov. 17, 1903.

44 days to Dec. 31.

PAGE 3.

1903.	Nov.	Dec.
Sun. ....	22 29 ...	6 13
Mon. ....	23 30 ...	7 14
Tues. ....	17 24 ...	1 8 15
Wed. ....	18 25 ...	2 9 16
Thurs. ....	19 26 ...	3 10 17
Fri. ....	20 27 ...	4 11 18
Sat. ....	21 28 ...	5 12 19

## TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

### Cleanliness and Godliness.

We are reminded of the *Daily Mirror*.  
—*Daily News*.

The infant days of a newspaper are commonly fraught with some anxiety. Various things, by happening or not happening, contribute to a critical condition. The cold wind of disfavour may blow upon and blight the young endeavour; friends may disappoint and enemies fulfil our fearful expectations; it is upon the whole a time of doubt and anxiety. For us, however, all such days are past. Success no longer hangs in the balance; our position is assured; the *Daily News* has noticed us.

It will not unreasonably be asked, what have we done to deserve this signal distinction? How has the vision of the *Daily News*, sweeping the heavenly spaces happened upon so mundane and trivial an object as ourselves? We had (we confess it with shame) been pursuing our course all unsuspecting, all unconscious that a gaze so august was regarding us and observing our every action. Did we, in sinful levity, organise a Bridge contest? Our conduct did not escape the *Daily News*. Did we, in our ignorance and spiritual darkness, publish a recipe or print an article describing how to care for jewellery? The heart that beats in Bouverie-street sorrowed for our misdoing. So far, however, the *Daily News* held its tongue and spake nothing; it kept silence, even from good words. But when we described an American method of cleansing the skin, by various antiseptic applications, by many washings and steamings—then the heart of the *Daily News* became hot within it; the fire kindled, and at last it spake with its tongue. "We all rejoice," it said, "that ladies should be amply represented in daily journalism, but we can hardly be astonished if the particular paragraphs we have quoted, or others similar to them, should have moved a leading London preacher to criticise the *DAILY MIRROR* somewhat severely."

Fame is doubly ours. We have appeared in the *Daily News*, and we have received from a London preacher "somewhat severe" criticism—a distinction of which we should have remained in dark ignorance but for our admired contemporary. For who can fail to admire the *Daily News*, with its unwearied watchfulness over the public morals, its whole-hearted surveillance upon its contemporaries? For our part we are not likely to admire it any the less for its condescension towards ourselves. And we are on that account all the more unwilling to suggest that we owe our distinction to some temporary confusion of the *Daily News*'s mind. This, however, would appear to be the case. Cleanliness, we always understood, comes next to godliness. Now no one, not even its friends, could deny that the *Daily News* is a very godly newspaper. Why, then, this indignation at an indulgence in the sister virtue? Why this outcry against cleanliness?

Is there anything immoral or Popish in steaming the face? We have searched our hearts on the question, but have searched in vain for any damning evidence. Everyone knows that the ordinary washing of the face with soap and water is not scientifically a cleansing process; only steaming or massage can properly purify the skin. Yet when, in our wish to be useful, we described this thorough ablution, we laid ourselves open to rebuke on apparently moral grounds. It is a great blow to us that the *Daily News* does not approve of cleanliness. If that be suspected, we shall be hearing next that it is an ungodly and pernicious newspaper; and when that calumny has been uttered, we shall be prepared to see the hills dissolving and the mountains being cast into the midst of the sea.

## Court



## Circular.

Windsor Castle, Nov. 16.

Their Majesties' guests have left Sandringham.

The King and Queen, accompanied by her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria, left Sandringham this morning for London.

The King held a Council at Buckingham Palace this afternoon at three o'clock. There were present:—The Marquis of Londonderry (Lord President), the Marquis of Salisbury (Lord Privy Seal), and the Right Hon. A. Graham Murray (Secretary for Scotland).

The Right Hon. Sir Mortimer Durand (lately his Majesty's Ambassador at Madrid) was received in audience by the King, and kissed hands on his appointment as his Majesty's Ambassador at Washington.

The Marquis of Hamilton was also received in audience by the King, and kissed hands upon his appointment as Treasurer of the Household and received from his Majesty his wand of office.

Their Majesties the King and Queen, accompanied by her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria, and attended by the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting, arrived at the Castle from Buckingham Palace this afternoon.

Her Royal Highness Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) and the Duke of Argyll joined the King and Queen at Paddington Station, and accompanied their Majesties to Windsor.

Captain his Serene Highness Prince Alexander of Teck arrived at the Castle. The Dowager Countess of Lytton, Viscount Milner (the King's High Commissioner for South Africa), Lord and Lady Lamington, and the Right Hon. Sir Francis Bertie (his Majesty's Ambassador at Rome) also arrived at the Castle, and with the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting had the honour of dining with their Majesties and the Royal Family.

Marlborough House, Nov. 16.

The Prince and Princess of Wales arrived from York Cottage, Sandringham.

His Royal Highness, attended by Commander Sir Charles Cust, left for Portsmouth, to stay with the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir John Fisher, in order to receive the King and Queen of Italy on the arrival of their Majesties to-morrow.

The Princess of Wales, attended by the Countess of Airlie and Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Sir William Carington, proceeded to Frogmore.

## All To-Day's News at a Glance.

### Social.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra arrived in London from Sandringham yesterday, and afterwards proceeded to Windsor.

The King and Queen of Italy left Cherbourg yesterday, and arrive in England to-day. Portraits of their Majesties and of their two children will be found on page 7.

The official consent of the King to the marriage of the Princess Alice to Prince Alexander of Teck was gazetted last night.

The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe sail from New York for England to-day on the Kaiser Wilhelm II.

Lord Roberts was distinctly better yesterday.

The sudden death of the eight-year-old Princess Elizabeth Hesse, daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse, has placed in family mourning the Courts of Russia, Roumania, and Germany, as well as several members of the British Royal House.

Sir John Blundell Maple was better yesterday, having passed a comfortable day.

### Home.

King Edward has signified to the Servian envoy that, while recognising King Peter, he cannot receive the representative of a regicide Government.

The Dean of Gloucester has decided that he will not allow Dr. Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" to be performed in the cathedral at the next musical festival without expurgation.

The Rev. T. Falkner, D.S.O., senior chaplain at Aldershot, is retiring from the service to a living in the country.

Several collieries have been flooded in Staffordshire by the bursting of the Stourbridge Extension Canal. Hundreds of workmen have been thrown out of employment, and the damage is estimated at £10,000.

Large numbers of men are seeking employment on the Penryn slate quarries, but most of the old hands cannot immediately be re-employed.

Two attempts to wreck trains in a remote part of Cornwall were made on Sunday.

While the ten o'clock Scotch express was being made up near King's Cross station yesterday morning it collided with an empty local train. Several carriages were smashed, but no personal injuries were sustained.

Snow fell in Scotland and Wales yesterday, and the weather all over the country was the coldest experienced since the spring.

### Political.

Mr. Balfour's pamphlet, "Economic Notes on Insular Free Trade," has been translated into German.

Applications for tickets to Mr. Chamberlain's meeting at Cardiff on Friday are greatly in excess of the accommodation.

All the members of the Government, except Mr. Gerald Balfour, who is indisposed, were present at a Cabinet Council yesterday.

Mr. Ritchie's health has greatly improved and he will address the Croydon working men on Thursday, December 3.

Sir Walter Lawrence, recently private secretary to the Viceroy of India, called at the India Office yesterday, and is understood to be the bearer of despatches from the Indian Government, relative to the Thibet Expedition.

Speaking at Sleaford yesterday, Mr. Chaplin said he was disposed to agree with Mr. Balfour's policy so far as consistent with support of the larger proposals of Mr. Chamberlain.

### Colonial.

While riding through a tunnel near Simla, Lord Kitchener's leg was broken through his horse taking fright and colliding with a beam projecting from the side of the passage.

Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India, yesterday sailed for the Persian Gulf, escorted by four battleships.

Victoria lost by an innings and 71 runs to the Marylebone Cricket Club yesterday at Melbourne.

### Law Courts.

Two boys have been charged with writing threatening letters in connection with the Wyley cattle-maiming case.

On the strength of the evidence of fingerprints, four men were yesterday charged at Marlborough-street with being concerned with the robbery of £5,000 worth of jewellery from a shop in Conduit-street, W.

Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte was remanded on bail yesterday at the Kingston-on-Thames Police Court, on a charge of furiously driving his motor-car and injuring a little girl.

### Foreign.

Germany has followed the lead of England by appointing the King of Denmark a general in her army.

Mr. Beaupre, the American Minister to the Republic of Colombia, has telegraphed home that "a revolution is not impossible."

There is no foundation for the rumour that the negotiations between France and Siam have been broken off, says a Reuter message.

In honour of the Feast of St. Edmund Archbishop Bourne yesterday gave a dinner at the English College, Rome, which was attended by several English priests and Vatican officials.

Special facilities for Italians who may wish to attend the Italian Exhibition at Earl's Court next year are being offered by the Italian Government. King Edward's support of the enterprise is causing enthusiasm in Italy.

## LORD KITCHENER INJURED.

### SERIOUS ACCIDENT IN A TUNNEL.

### HORSE THROWS HIM AND BREAKS HIS LEG.

### HOPEFUL REPORT BY THE DOCTORS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Simla, Monday.

Lord Kitchener met with a severe accident last evening, resulting in one of his legs being badly injured and temporarily disabled.

His lordship was riding home from Wildflower Lodge, a country seat about six miles from here, and was passing through a small tunnel near the Sanjoli Bazaar when his horse—the charger he rode in South Africa—shied at a coolie who was passing in the darkness, and jammed his rider's leg against a beam, twisting and breaking both bones above the ankle. On seeing what had happened the coolie ran away.

When the report that an accident had happened in the tunnel reached the bazaar several other coolies went out and approached the tunnel, but when they heard that the "Great Lord of War" was lying hurt within they also bolted.

His lordship, who had been thrown from his horse, lay on the ground suffering great pain for half an hour before a fresh body of coolies with a rickshaw passed through the tunnel, and conveyed him to Snowdown, his bungalow, where he was attended to by Colonel Tate and Majors Clark and Greene. The leg was set, and the Commander-in-Chief is cheerful and progressing favourably. The tunnel is not well lighted, and is an unpleasant place to pass through.

Lord Kitchener had intended to start on the following day for an extensive tour of the Karachi and Rawal Pindi districts, ending up at the Punjab manoeuvres, but his staff and his servants, with his baggage, who were about to leave Simla, were at once recalled, and it will probably be some weeks before his lordship can leave here.

There is general sympathy with the Commander-in-Chief throughout India, and numerous messages have been received. Only a fortnight ago Lord Kitchener's carriage fell over a cliff at Simla, his coachman and the horses being killed. Luckily his lordship was not in the vehicle at the time.

### LAST NIGHT'S BULLETIN.

Simla, Monday, 9.30 p.m.

Lord Kitchener has passed a fair day, although he has suffered a good deal of pain, his leg being much bruised. The doctors are hopeful of a good recovery.—Reuter's Special.

### WHY LORD KITCHENER WAS ALONE.

Simla, Monday.

Lord Kitchener yesterday informed his Staff he did not intend to go out; but he changed his mind at the last moment, and to this circumstance is due the fact that he went alone.—Reuter.

### OTHER NARROW ESCAPES.

The accident which has now temporarily disabled Lord Kitchener is not the only serious injury and narrow escape from death he has encountered. While engaged in early life as an engineer officer upon the work of exploration in Palestine he and his little party camped at the town of Safed, in Galilee.

The camp was invaded, says the "Westminster Gazette," recalling the exciting experience, by two or three hundred yelling Moslems, filled with fanatical fury. The situation became exceedingly critical for the little party of Britishers. Both Kitchener and Major Conder were wounded, but eventually the Governor was communicated with and a retreat to the town was effected.

Then it was that Kitchener was discovered to be missing, and the gravest fears were entertained. After a time, however, he turned up covered with blood, having had a narrow escape from a negro who had attempted to cleave his skull with a scimitar.

On the same expedition Kitchener had a narrow escape from drowning whilst engaged in saving the life of Major Conder, who had gone to bathe in the neighbourhood of Ascalon.



## KILLED IN A FRENCH DUEL.

### FATAL ENCOUNTER BETWEEN TWO OLD FRIENDS.

#### DEATH IN A FEW MINUTES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT)

Paris, Monday Evening.

La Fontaine's fable "Deux coqs vivaient en paix; une poule survint," may be taken as the history of a quarrel which led to a fatal duel between two young Frenchmen of Toulon, Henri Lautier and Charles Ebelot. Both were old friends. Hot Southern blood and the French tradition as to wounded honour made a duel inevitable after injurious language used by Lautier. Ebelot, the offended party, chose the sword as his weapon, and without a word to anybody except the seconds who accompanied them, the quondam friends met at half-past one yesterday afternoon at the Ile de la Jatte.

The duel did not last long. Scarcely had the words "Allez, messieurs" left the lips of the journalist directing the combat when Ebelot's sword penetrated swiftly under Lautier's right armpit, inflicting a mortal wound. The poor fellow hardly even gasped. He fell prone, and expired three minutes later.

His opponent's grief was pitiful to see, almost as great as that of Lautier's father, who knew nothing of the duel, and saw it reported in one of the evening papers. There is considerable excitement about this fatal duel. Many people whose personal courage cannot be disparaged are extremely keen for the suppression of this ridiculous custom, which either means nothing or too much.

Soon after the duel a judicial inquiry was opened by the commissaire of the quarter. The surviving combatant and the five seconds proceeded to the police station, where they underwent examination, and M. Ebelot was taken into custody. M. Lautier was a tall, well-built man of twenty-seven.

## TO COERCE THIBET.

### ANNOUNCEMENT OF AN IMPORTANT ADVANCE.

Reuter understands that an important advance is about to be made on Thibet, which has drawn on it the disapproval of the Indian Government by the non-observance of the treaties. A mission under Colonel Younghusband has for some months been encamped about thirty miles within Thibetan territory, but an advance is now to take place to a spot some ninety miles nearer the Thibetan capital, Lhasa. Colonel Younghusband has been lately at Simla, discussing with Lord Kitchener the composition of the force, of which Colonel Macdonald will probably be in command. There will probably be a number of British soldiers in the expedition.

It is believed that the Thibetians have made up their minds to fight; and that large quantities of rifles have been given out. Thibet evidently relies on Russia's support against invasion, and there is said to be a Russian adviser at Lhasa. The priests declare that they have discovered by divination that the present year is a suitable one to fight.

## COLOMBIA'S SECOND PROTEST TO WASHINGTON.

The comedy now being enacted in or about the Isthmus of Panama has reached the "excursions and alarms" stage. Mr. Beaupre, the American Minister to the Republic of Colombia, telegraphs from Bogota, the capital, that "a revolution is not impossible." It has been suggested to him from Washington that his early departure from so tight a corner is advisable. He too would like to return; and, as most of his correspondence has recently gone astray, no doubt owing to the attentions of the Colombian censor, he will probably take "leave of absence" without waiting the arrival of more definite instructions from Washington.

The Republic of Colombia, the principal in this whole business, has again despatched a lengthy protest to Washington.

## OFFICER SAVES HIS MOTHER'S LIFE.

Lieutenant W. L. O. Twiss, of the 9th Gurkhas, was yesterday awarded the Royal Humane Society's medal under somewhat unique circumstances.

On the night of July 28, Twiss, roused by a splash in the dark, dived off the side of a houseboat on the River Sind, India, and made for a dark object that was being rapidly swept away by the stream. His plucky attempt at rescue was successful, and, when a light was brought, the grateful subaltern discovered that it was his own mother's life that he had saved.

## A BRITISH BELGIAN MATCH TRUST.

All the match factories in Belgium, Laffan says, have been formed into "a British trust" under the name of the Continental Match Company, Limited, the object being to save the Belgian match-making industry from threatened ruin. The sale of the matches is to be confined exclusively to Great Britain. One clause in the convention between the amalgamated firms provides for the immediate dissolution of the trust on the appearance of any competing match factory in Belgium.

## SEVENTEEN YEARS IN A TRANCE.

### WOMAN FALLS ASLEEP WHEN 25 AND WAKES AT THE AGE OF 43.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT)

Hamburg, Monday.

Gesine Meyer, an inhabitant of the village of Grambke, who has been asleep for seventeen years, was aroused to-day by the discordant sound of the alarm-bells ringing in consequence of an outbreak of fire.

The woman, who is now forty-three years of age, went to sleep on December 17, 1885, and from that date has slept without interruption. During this period she has been fed by artificial means.

She is in a perfectly normal condition in mind and body, and presents a healthy appearance. She remembers perfectly incidentally what took place seventeen years ago.

Three years before this last period of long sleep Gesine had already slept for a period of a year.

## SON CRITICISES FATHER.

### THE YOUNG HENRY ARTHUR JONES FAILS TO PERCEIVE HIS FATHER'S HUMOUR.

The severest critic of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the distinguished playwright, is in his own family. It is, by the way, a histrionic family. The dramatist's two daughters, Winifred and Ethelwyn, are giving evidence on the stage of dramatic instinct, and now the author's youngest son, aged four, has acted with sang froid in a school comedy, "King Bulbous" at St. Cyprian's, Eastbourne.

But let us introduce the youthful critic—Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's second son. He went to see his two sisters in his father's comedy, "Whitewashing Julia." Immediately he began to criticise adversely.

When his eldest sister and Mr. France were making love in one scene he was moved to uttering a protest.

"Do people really do things like that?" he asked. "I'm sure they don't. It's too silly. He could see no humour in his father's play. "When is it going to be funny?" he asked as the performance was drawing to a close.

## LIGHT ON THE GREAT WYRELEY TERROR.

The Cannock police have succeeded in finding a partial solution of the mystery of the anonymous letters which reached them and others in the Great Wyreley district, and which added deeper mystery to the cattle maiming atrocities. Even after the sentence of the solicitor Edalji to seven years' penal servitude, two of the threatening letters found their way to Mr. Westwood and Mr. Hughes; that to the last-named containing a threat to murder him.

The new light has come from an unsuspected quarter—the Board-school at Cannock, where two boys, Joseph Edward Emery and Simon Walker, each about eleven years old, have confessed to sending the letter to Mr. Hughes, as well as others. Emery said he put the letter under the door of Mr. Hughes' house, and Walker admitted knowing the contents of the letters, but denied having written any. They had seen letters in the newspapers, and had had a try to imitate them. They were remanded for a week.

## CHAUFFEUR'S LOVE STORY.

The West Ham magistrates yesterday listened to the story of a chauffeur's interrupted courtship. Julius Ferdinand De Vuill loved Miss Byles, but afterwards, to use his own words, "met someone else he thought he loved better." Then he demanded return of the presents he had made to the deserted lady. He had given her:—

Dressing-case as a Christmas present in 1900.

Bicycle as a birthday present in 1902.

Diamond engagement ring in 1903.

Four picture frames.

Ten photographs of himself.

One photograph had been returned to him with the face cut about. The chauffeur's solicitor suggested that this was an indication of what Miss Byles would like to do to the original.

The magistrate said all the articles seemed to have been presents, and dismissed the case.

## THE ALIEN SCOURGE.

Sir Forrest Fulton, Recorder of London, made a strong protest yesterday to the Grand Jury at the Old Bailey on the subject of alien immigration.

"I am informed," he said "that whenever a foreigner becomes an abominable nuisance in his own country, and the police do not know what to do with him, they send him over here. Thus sessions after sessions we are engaged in trying disreputable foreigners. The matter should engage the serious consideration of the authorities."

## THE "LITTLE COUNT" CASE.

Yesterday's hearing of the "little Count" case at Berlin was marked by a peculiarly dramatic incident. Frau Meyer, the alleged mother of the boy, attended in court accompanied by her own undisputed son. The two children were ranged side by side, and the mother was asked whether she still thought that the elder one was her own.

An intense silence fell upon the court as Frau Meyer pondered on the question. Her eyes wandered to the younger child and she burst into a fit of convulsive sobbing. All she could say was that both children were very much alike. The judge thereupon ordered her away.

## THE MOTOR-CAR ACCIDENT.

### MR. D'OYLY CARTE CHARGED AT THE POLICE COURT.

The serious motor-car accident at Long Ditton on Sunday afternoon led to the appearance yesterday at Kingston-on-Thames Police Court of Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte, who was charged with furious driving and with causing injuries to the three-year-old child, Theodora Franklin. The little girl, who is the daughter of the engineer at the local waterworks, was crossing the Portsmouth-road when she was knocked down by Mr. Carte's car and seriously injured.

The evidence of Mr. George Cameron Sillar was to the effect that four cars went by in quick succession, Mr. Carte's being the last. They were travelling at a high rate of speed—he should say Mr. Carte was going at twenty-three or twenty-four miles an hour just before the child was knocked down.

Mr. Arthur James Bryland, who spoke of the "fearful speed" of the cars, saw the accident. Two of the cars had passed when the child ran across the road. She had gone about two-thirds of the way when Mr. Carte's car knocked her down and ran over her. Mr. Carte swore to the right to avoid the accident, but this witness thought if he had pulled to the left it would not have happened. Mr. Carte appeared to lose his head. He thought Mr. Carte was racing with the other cars; he was going faster than the ordinary fast cars.

A policeman having stated that he heard no horn blown and that he believed the accident could have been avoided by Mr. Carte swerving to the right, medical evidence was given that the child's life was still in danger, though her condition was improving. It seemed that after the accident Mr. Carte was in a state of collapse.

Mrs. Lily Bravington, herself a motorist, was called for the defence. She said Mr. Carte did not appear to be travelling at an unreasonable pace. She should have done as he did in trying to avoid the child, who, she thought, ran into the car. The lady, who took the little girl to a house and attended to her until the doctor came, was thanked by the Bench for her kindness.

Mr. Carte, whose solicitor expressed great sorrow for the accident and promised that everything possible should be done for the child, was remanded on bail.

At Shoreham (Sussex) Petty Sessions yesterday Reginald Snelling was fined £10 and costs for driving a car at twenty-five miles an hour. A conviction for another offence on the same day was proved.

## A PRODIGY OF NATURE.

Billingsgate Fish Market yesterday saw a prodigy of Nature—a live lobster of scarlet hue. The verdict Cockney knows that this colour is usually acquired by the painful process of boiling, the natural colour of a lobster being bluish-black.

In presence of such a marvel Billingsgate for once could find no expression strong enough to express its astonishment. At last the oldest hand in the market gave his opinion of the mystery. "That lobster was knowing," he said. "He knew when he was caught he'd be boiled, and to escape boiling he turned red of his own accord."

Only once before has a red lobster come to Billingsgate, and that was fifteen years ago. After exhibition at Sweeting's, he went to the British Museum. There also in due time a twin glass case will enclose the remains of his new rival for immortality.

## SERIOUS HUNTING ACCIDENTS.

While hunting with the Pytchley yesterday a serious accident befell Mr. V. De Crespigny, who narrowly escaped with his life. While following hard on the hounds at Foxhall he came suddenly upon the Iron Pits, and was unable to stop, and horse and rider fell a clear twenty feet. He sustained concussion of the brain and a nasty wound in the lower jaw. After lying for a time at Foxhall Inn he was removed to Kelmarsh Hall, the residence of his sister, Mrs. Lancaster.

Will Barnard, kennel huntsman of the Fitzwilliam Hounds, was badly thrown yesterday during a run near Orton Longueville, the seat of the Marquis of Huntley. His horse stumbled, and he came down heavily on his head. No bones were broken; however.

## HOSPITAL SHOPPING-DAY RESULTS.

Up to the present the Shopping-Day Committee of King Edward's Hospital Fund for London have received only £1,027 as the result of the recent collection. The *Daily Mirror's* expression of opinion that the occasion would be a failure being thus borne out. The committee are anxious to receive the remaining contributions which are still to come from a majority of the firms assisting in this way.

## THE TRANSIT OF PUDDING.

The dispatch of Christmas puddings through the post has begun in earnest, some of the activity in this direction being undoubtedly due to the cheapness this year of all those sugared and dried fruity ingredients so necessary for the concoction of the genuine weighty article. Prices are said to be 20 per cent. lower than last year, while the goods themselves are of finer quality and larger size. Sultanas are among the finest of all this year's fine Christmas fruit.

## LATEST FROM PARIS.

### LAST NIGHT'S NEWS FROM THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT)

Paris, Monday night.

Paris, as far as weather is concerned, has certainly been in the sulks to-day. The morning was fine and cold, but towards mid-day, with a warmer temperature, the skies clouded over; about three, it became dark, and without warning a deluging shower of icy rain came pelting down, turning the streets into mud-swamps in a few minutes. The rain, which in short intervals continued the rest of the afternoon and evening, effectually kept folk indoors. Even the Rue de la Paix was comparatively empty at shopping time.

## English Custom Adopted in France.

It is amusing to see how thoroughly French society has fallen in with our custom of afternoon tea. The big hotels and tea-shops, of which there is a large number of very good ones now in Paris, have as many French as British and American customers nowadays, and invitations to tea at the Ritz, the Elysée Palace Hotel, Rumpelmayers, and similar establishments have become more popular than dinner-parties with bachelors wishing to return politeness to married friends. Tea at the Elysée Palace Hotel to-day was crowded. Among others were the Princesses de Bourbon and Captain de Barthe. At the Ritz were Mr. John Ford, of the Embassy, Mrs. Jules Porges, the Duc de Camasra, Mrs. Hoffmann, Mrs. Carroll, Mrs. Isaac Stern, the Duke and Duchess de Morny, and Baroness Helward.

## Explosion on "Metro," Works.

One of the caissons underneath the Passy Bridge, where work on the "Metro" line which is to pass underneath the Seine is being carried on, exploded this morning. Fortunately, though thirty men were working on the caisson, but three were hurt, and only two of these at all seriously.

## The Wife's Retort.

Dr. Favre, a well-known practitioner at Chaux-de-Fonds, was recently sentenced to three days' imprisonment for furious automobile driving. On Wednesday morning his wife posted the following notice on his door:

Dr. Alexander Favre away till Friday; is doing three days' imprisonment for driving as fast as possible to the assistance of an invalid. His other patients are requested to return on Saturday, unless death calls for them before that.

## Another Balloon Ascent.

Count Henri de la Vaulx made his hundredth balloon ascent at four this afternoon, in spite of the unpleasant weather. He has taken food and champagne, and hopes to be up at least fifteen hours. He thinks he will most likely land somewhere in Rhenish Prussia. The balloon, the "Centaur No. 2," in which the Count has gone up, is the same model as "Centaur No. 1," in which he made the historic trip of nearly twelve hundred miles from Vincennes to Kieff in thirty-five hours on the 11th October three years ago.

## THE RUSSIAN EDITOR.

WITH A SWORD BY HIS SIDE HE WRITES BELLICOSE ARTICLES ABOUT JAPAN.

China is still greatly excited over the Russian occupation of Mukden, the capital of Manchuria. The idea of closer relations with Japan in order to resist Russian aggressions is, says Reuter, spreading rapidly.

The Chinese officials, however, devote their energy mainly to intriguing, and the Government's helplessness is conspicuous. The Empress Dowager is described as much distressed, as it is realised that the loss of Mukden, the seat of the Manchu dynasty, means a great loss of prestige.

In an interesting letter written just after the recent review at Port Arthur, Reuter's Peking correspondent speaks of the war fever there, and the absurd canards due to the lack of newspapers. The only paper for a population of 200,000 people is the now familiar and bellicose "Novy Krai," edited by a colonel sitting at his desk with a sword at his side, and no one looks to this for information as to what is really happening. Port Arthur, seven years ago a small Chinese town, will soon be the finest European city in the Far East.

## THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

NON-SUCCESS OF A COLONIAL LOAN—COMING COMPANIES.

Little or no business was again the report from the Stock Exchange yesterday. The idle dealers say they might just as well have a holiday for the whole week. They started the week well, especially in the Rubber market, where dealers were employed by the thousands in raising a hubbub to make the market look as though everybody was a buyer. But there was no real disposition to take shares, and the well-understood fact that prices were falling back later in the day just the same in West Australia, where the public are not coming forward to help the professionals out, as for other mining sections, nobody takes any notice of them nowadays.

Perhaps the most satisfactory feature was that they had consulted the market for the gold and silver market, though the want of success for the London market did not help Colonial; and in fact the depressed state of the market was being several new capital issues, including one of the Lancashire and Yorkshire, in the near future. But the sanguine men say that the District and Finance issue was a success, though the cynics smile knowingly when they hear it. The voice of the company promoter is in the air. There is an East Africa railway issue to come to-day there are two water issues, and a Savoy Hotel issue is just ahead. There are others, including numerous mining shares. The Ivanhoe Smith, for instance, has obtained its shareholders' permission to issue more capital.



# OUR ROYAL VISITORS.

## KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY LEAVE CHERBOURG.

### WINDSOR GAILY DECORATED.

Cherbourg, Monday Night.

The King and Queen of Italy (on their way to England) arrived here at four o'clock this afternoon. Sir Henry Stephenson, first and principal Aide-de-camp to King Edward, Rear-Admiral Sir Wilmot Hawkesworth Fawkes, commanding the cruiser squadron, and some French officials, were waiting on the platform to greet their Majesties.

The King, who wore the undress uniform of a General of Carabiniers, with a long blue cloak, was the first to alight. He was followed by the Queen, who had on a light grey dress and a black hat with a white feather.

The royal party proceeded to a marquee, decorated with trophies and flowers, where the Mayor of Cherbourg, addressing the King, said that M. Loubet had charged him to present his compliments to his Majesty. Queen Elena was presented with a superb bouquet of orchids, tied with ribbons in the Italian colours. Sir Henry Stephenson introduced Admiral Fawkes and other British officers to the King, who shook hands cordially with each officer as he was introduced.

Their Majesties embarked on the launch which was to carry them to the royal yacht, Victoria and Albert, the signal being given by the cruiser "Marsellaire," and all the warships lying in the roadstead, which were decorated with bunting and were flying the Italian flag from their mastsheads, fired salutes of twenty-one guns.

The scene in the harbour was picturesque in the extreme, but unfortunately a downpour of rain somewhat marred the effect of the spectacle. As the launch conveying their Majesties passed the different warships loud cheers were raised by the crews.—Reuter.

### WINDSOR EN FETE.

At Windsor, telegraphs our correspondent, the preparations for the royal visit are complete, and King Edward, who arrived yesterday evening, expressed himself as delighted with the efforts of the Castle officials.

During the afternoon Sir Charles Wyndham and the principal members of his company rehearsed "David Garrick" in the Waterloo Chamber, and made their final arrangements for the state performance of Thursday evening. Green and retiring rooms have been fitted up for the company, and the new scenery looks very spick and span.

Every precaution against fire has been taken; indeed, the royal firemen will be on duty every night during their Majesties' stay.

Windsor is gaily decorated and full of visitors, and seats to view to-day's procession are selling freely. Should the fine weather hold, the spectacle, set off against the picturesque streets crowned by the grand old Castle, should be magnificent.

The Italian chief of the police will stay at the Castle. He will have the assistance of a large detective force sent down from London.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Portsmouth last night to await the landing of the Italian Sovereigns.

It is expected that the royal yacht will arrive at Portsmouth shortly after ten o'clock this morning. Their Majesties will remain on board until a quarter to one o'clock, when they will land.

### SPORTSMAN SHOOT SWALLOWS.

Mr. Edward George Bates, a builder, of Thornton Heath, invited a number of friends to a pheasant shoot on September 18. With beaters and keepers the party was made up to two dozen, and with high hopes and expectations they started the day's sport on Mr. Bates' rented estate at Heathfield, Sussex.

This estate had been let to him for shooting by Mr. Horace Scott Laycock, an accountant, of Tulse Hill, and was said to be stocked with at least five or six hundred pheasants, fifteen hundred rabbits, as well as woodcock and pigeons.

The day's bag was exceedingly small. There was no sign of these alleged pheasants or rabbits, and the party fell somewhat flat. Part of the meagre bag consisted of two swallows shot by Mr. Bates. Again, on October 2, Mr. Bates and eight friends visited the same 600 acres of land, probably still under the impression that the game only needed a little more looking for. This time sixteen beaters and keepers were hired to hunt the birds and rabbits from their security. Only four pheasants were seen, and three of them were shot.

Mr. Bates learned from Mr. Laycock's keeper that the few birds seen had been placed in the way of the sportsmen, and yesterday he summoned Mr. Laycock at Croydon for obtaining the £100 he paid for the shooting rights by fraudulent misrepresentations. The case was adjourned.

### A SUPERSTITIOUS BRIDE.

Miss Hervey, whose marriage to Sir Patrick Playfair takes place on the 18th, is, according to a statement in the "Onlooker," so exceedingly superstitious with regard to everything in connection with her wedding that she will, according to an old custom, wear green silk stockings "for luck."

# PRINCESS ALICE'S MARRIAGE.

## OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE KING'S CONSENT.

A special supplement to the London "Gazette," issued last night, announces the King's consent to the approaching marriage of the Duchess of Albany's daughter and Prince Alexander of Teck. His Majesty's consent was given at the Privy Council held in Buckingham Palace during the afternoon. The official announcement is as follows:

His Majesty was this day pleased to declare his consent to a contract of matrimony between her Royal Highness the Princess Alice Mary Victoria Augusta Pauline, daughter of his Royal Highness the late Prince Leopold Duke of Albany and her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany, and his Serene Highness Prince Alexander Augustus Frederick William Alfred George of Teck, which consent his Majesty has caused to be signified under the Great Seal and to be entered in the Books of the Privy Council.

### Villagers Present Congratulations.

Last night a meeting of the parishioners of Esher passed a vote of congratulation to the Duchess of Albany on the betrothal of Princess Alice. Mr. Meadows Martineau, who presided, said the happy news of the engagement of the Princess Alice had been, as they called the Duchess. The Princess had been, as they had always known her, a pretty, sweet, and good girl, walking about the village like one of themselves. They all knew what sympathy the Duchess had shown them in their village life for many years past, and that was an opportunity of returning her warm and kindly interest. Gratified comment was made on the fact that the Princess is to marry an English Prince, whose parents are as much beloved in Kingston and Richmond as is the Duchess of Albany in Esher.

Princess Alice and Prince Alexander honoured Mr. Francis Williamson, the royal chaser of the studio of the artist yesterday afternoon, and inspected the model of the colossal statue of Queen Victoria he is executing for India.

# RADIUM CANCER TREATMENT.

## CASES TO BE TREATED AT THE FULHAM HOSPITAL TO-DAY.

Experiments in the treatment of cancer by radium are to be made at the Fulham Cancer Hospital to-day. Six cases were yesterday chosen of patients suffering from what is called recurrent nodules of the skin. More simply expressed, this means that they have been operated upon successfully, but that nodules have formed on the scars made by the surgeon's knife. These have been chosen because, as the nodules are superficial, they are more likely to yield to the curative influence of radium emanations.

This morning photographs will be made of the affected part in each case in order that the progress may be the more accurately recorded. Later in the day the treatment will be commenced under the direction of Dr. Plimmer. It will go on at regular intervals until some result is arrived at.

It is not anticipated that any progress will be observable until at least six weeks have elapsed.

### CAB STRIKE DECLARED "INEVITABLE."

Mr. Sam Michaels, president of the Cab Drivers' Union, said last night: "A strike is inevitable; it is only a question of time." The executive of the union met yesterday, and adjourned till to-morrow without coming to any decision.

### ENGLISH CRICKETERS WIN.

The M.C.C. team of cricketers now touring in Australia defeated Victoria, at Melbourne, yesterday by the handsome margin of an innings and 71 runs, and the opinion is growing among Australians that the combination under Mr. Warner's captainship is as strong as any that has left these shores in recent years. For eight wickets in their only essay, Mr. Warner at this point declaring the innings closed. The Colonists therefore failed in their two attempts to reach the English score. Only McAlister (45), Bruce (51), Armstrong (35), and Laver (29) offered serious resistance in the Victoria's second innings to the English bowlers, of whom Fielder (three for 35), Rhodes (three for 58), and Redd (two for 58) came out with the best averages. Strickland kept wicket fairly for the Englishmen.

# SHERLOCK HOLMES'S METHODS.

## STORY OF SMART CAPTURES TOLD IN THE POLICE COURT.

Sherlock Holmes himself could hardly have been dissatisfied with the methods by which four men, charged at Marlborough-street yesterday in connection with the sensational jewel robbery last month in Conduit-street, were detected by the Scotland Yard police. The case illustrates once more the great value of the finger-print method of identification.

The facts were these. Between seven p.m. on October 15 and eight p.m. on October 18 thieves entered the auction galleries of Messrs. Knight, Frank, and Rutley, 9, Conduit-street. Access was gained to the place by the removal of glass from a window in the roof. A large safe was broken open and £5,000 worth of jewellery taken.

The thieves left behind the glass panel they had removed, and on this piece of glass the intelligence of the police was concentrated. Inspector Drew, after careful examination, found traces of finger-tips. The glass was taken to Scotland Yard, where there is a department specially devoted to preserving impressions of criminals' fingers. There, after laborious search, the counterpart of the all-time marks on the glass is said to have been found, the police alleging it to be the "sign manual" of one Henry Elliott, previously known to them.

The rest was comparatively simple. Elliott and three other men—John Skegs, Robert Gray, and a jeweller named Alfred Smith, all living in the Clerkenwell district—were kept under observation, and early on Sunday morning they were arrested in bed by Inspector Drew and his assistants, disguised as milkmen.

In the house of Elliott, who was in bed when captured, were found articles of jewellery and a memorandum book containing entries of various sums of money. Against one item of £50 Skegs' name was written. At Smith's house was found a jeweller's bench with blow-pipes and crucibles, used for melting gold. He said he worked up sovereigns and sold the gold. "To whom?" asked the Inspector, and the reply was, "That's my business." Smith whispered something to his wife as he was leaving, and she immediately tore up a paper that was in a drawer. The pieces were placed together, and it was found the paper had reference to transactions with a firm of gold refiners.

A curious observation was made by Elliott when arrested. He said some of his friends, thinking he had valuables in his possession, had broken into his room. "There may be honour in some professions," he remarked, "but not in our lot."

The accused were remanded.

### STOCKBROKER'S REMARKABLE STORY.

Yesterday, in the King's Bench Division, before Mr. Justice Wright and a special jury, Mr. Benito Weiser, a member of the London Stock Exchange, charged Mr. Samuel Segar, a London timber merchant, with so playing upon his feelings that he compromised a debt of £7,877 9s. 6d. for £4,000. He had subsequently declared that the defendant, who had appeared to be mortally ill, was out and about as soon as Mr. Benito Weiser's representatives had turned their backs upon him; and that by a ruse he, the plaintiff, had been induced to forego almost the half of the defendant's indebtedness.

The stockbroker, fearing for his money, had, it was stated, sent his brother and a clerk to the timber merchant's residence. Here they were shown into a darkened room, where, prone in bed, with head enveloped "in some linen," the plaintiff received them with an uncertain voice and every evidence of serious illness. A basin containing what appeared to be blood, but was, possibly, Condensed water, stood next the bed.

Affected by so tragic a spectacle, the plaintiff agreed to "do his best" for the defendant; who, having dismissed his visitors, so it is stated, drew on his clothes, removed his bandages, and set out gaily for the City.

The further hearing of this remarkable case has been adjourned.

Sir J. Blundell Maple was yesterday evening reported to be better. He had passed a capital day.

# To-Day's Arrangements.

### The Court.

The Prince of Wales meets the King and Queen of Italy at Portsmouth.

### To-day's Weddings.

Sir Walter Balfour Bartelot, Bart., Coldstream Guards, and Miss Gladys St. Aubyn Agnew, youngest daughter of Mr. William Collier Agnew, at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, at 2.30.

Captain R. H. Cholmondeley, D.S.O., and Miss Mercy Ormrod, daughter of the late Mr. James Cross Ormrod, of Wyresdale Park, Garstang, at St. Anne's Church, Soho, at 2.

### Social.

Lady Dupplin opens a three-days' Bazaar in aid of the Church of England Waifs' Society, Queen's-road Baths, 2.30.

Amateur Concert in aid of the Foster-Mother's Fund of the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society, Grosvenor House.

### Sale.

Millinery, costumes, etc., at Swan and Edgar, Limited.

### Theatres.

Apollo, "The Girl from Kay's," 8.  
Criterion, "Billy's Little Love Affair," 9.  
Daly's, "A Country Girl," 8.  
Drury Lane, "The House of the Tide," 8.  
Duke of York's, "Letty," 8.  
Gaiety, "The Orchid," 8.  
Garrick, "The Golden Silence," 8.  
Haymarket, "Cousin Kate," 8.  
His Majesty's, "King Richard II.," 8.15.  
Imperial, "Monsieur Beaucaire," 8.30.  
Lyric, "The Duchess of Dantzic," 8.  
New Theatre, "Mrs. Clorinda's Prince," 8.55.  
Prince of Wales's, "The School Girl," 8.  
Queen's (Small Hall), "The Follies," 8.15.  
Royal Court, "The Tempest," 2.30 and 8.30.  
Royalty, "Die Zwillingsschwester," 8.15.  
Shaftesbury, "In Dulcinea," 8.15.  
St. James's, "The Cardinal," 8.30.  
Strand, "A Chinese Honeymoon," 8.  
Terry's, "My Lady Molly," 8.15.  
Village, "Quality Street," 8.30.  
Wyndham's, "Little Mary," 9.

\* Matinees are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

# SHORT NEWS TELEGRAMS.

### REMARKABLE CABLE TIMES.

The new Pacific cable, now in thorough working order, has accomplished some marvellously quick times in dealing with messages from Australia to Europe. Yesterday a cable from Australia reached London in twenty-one minutes, and two messages from New Zealand came through in twenty-five minutes.

### FIGHTING PARSON RETIRING.

Much regret is felt at Aldershot over the impending retirement of the Rev. T. Falkner, M.A., D.S.O., Senior Chaplain to the Forces there. Mr. Falkner distinguished himself by his work in South Africa. He intends retiring to the quieter and probably less arduous work of a country living.

### FORTUNES FROM SHIPPING.

A fortune of £248,000 was left by Mr. Richard Moon Brocklebank, son of the great Liverpool shipowner of that name. He also left a villa at Cannes, which goes to his two brothers and his sister, the wife of Lieutenant-General Sir James Bevan Edwards. Mr. Brocklebank's father left over £790,000 in personal estate.

### A ROYAL LADY'S GENEROUS GIFT.

The German Red Cross Society has received a donation of £11,000 from the Empress Dowager Maria Feodorovna of Russia to found prizes for improvements in rendering prompt and efficient aid to sick and wounded soldiers on the battlefield, or to sailors on board ship. Prizes will be awarded every five years.

### THE PRINCESS LOUISE'S DOLL.

The Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, has sent a beautifully-dressed doll and two handsome worked tray cloths to the bazaar which is to be held at Scarborough in aid of the Association for Assisting Ladies of Limited Means. The doll will afterwards be exhibited in competition with others, and with them will be given to the children's ward of the Scarborough Hospital and Dispensary.

### CRITICAL SITUATION IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

Ramsey, Isle of Man, is in the throes of an election. Mr. Hall Caine, the sitting member, writing from Wimbledon, says that if Ramsey suffers from his inevitable absence from the House of Keys, it need not re-elect him. If he could be of service to the island at this critical juncture in its history, in its old but injured constitution, he was his servant. If rejected, however, he would always remain a friend of Ramsey, and never try his luck elsewhere.

### THE FIRST DEPUTATION OF LADIES.

The distinction of heading the first deputation of ladies received by a Government department belongs to Mrs. Archer, widow of Mr. David Archer, D.L., of Wilts, who died at her residence, Kingsdown House, near Swindon, on Sunday.

The deceased lady, both by speech and writing, was largely responsible for the present law as to the boarding-out of pauper children. On the occasion of her ninetieth birthday she received a testimonial from the parishioners.

### HOME AFTER SEVENTEEN YEARS.

There was a scene of great enthusiasm at Chatham last night, when, after an absence of over seventeen years in India, the 2nd Batt. Oxfordshire Light Infantry were welcomed back to the garrison again. Only five members who left Chatham in 1886 have returned—these were non-commissioned officers—the remainder of the regiment having finished their period of service and been replaced. Colonel R. Eccles is in command of 600 officers and men. The battalion has added two campaigns to its war record during its sojourn in India.

### SCENE BETWEEN POLICE OFFICERS IN COURT.

An unusual scene was witnessed at Bradford City Court yesterday, when a conflict of words took place between a detective and the Chief Constable. A man had just been remanded on a charge of loitering with intent to commit a felony, when the detective declared that the prisoner was innocent, and that he would, and another officer could, give evidence to that effect. The Chief Constable ordered the detective to stand down, and added that he would take the responsibility for the remand. The prisoner was admitted to bail, notwithstanding an objection raised by the Chief Constable, and the detective was afterwards suspended.

### LEICESTER RACES.

At one time last week Otto Madden was four winning prizes behind W. Lane in the list of successful jockeys, and it was generally remarked on the course that he would have an uphill task to wrest the lead from the smooth House of Commons. But as a matter of fact he closed the week with one notch in front of his youthful opponent, and yesterday's lead was increased to three. The respective scores now stand:—Madden, 144; Lane, 141. Results of yesterday's racing at Leicester:—

Race.	Winner.	Rider.	Price.
Attercliffe (10).	Belvedere	Halley	6 to 1
Town Selling (12) Bourton Hill	Madness	.....	7 to 4
Oadby Nur. (15) Sky Terrier	East	.....	10 to 1
Nor. Nursery (18) Torsan	But	.....	5 to 1
Quorndon (11) Albina	Randall	.....	8 to 1
Melton (13) Bellivior Tor	Canon	.....	4 to 5

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of runners.)

During the intervals of settling at the club evenings yesterday the Derby "Gold Cup" was speculated upon. Although no great amount of interest was shown, there was sufficient to indicate the public fancies for the Farman found friends at 6 to 1 and 7 to 1, and should Hunter ride, as is probable, the field would be well in, and was supported at 100 to 1. Littleton and Kunster closed at 100 to 8 each, and it is understood C. Briggs will have the money on the latter. Over Norton, O'Donovan Rossa, and Cheers also found backers, and it is expected that the field will number sixteen.





## The Playhouses and the Public.

Notes and Anecdotes.



WITH the withdrawal of "Richard II." from the stage of His Majesty's Theatre after Christmas, Mr. Lionel Brough will be out of the programme there for a while, as there is no suitable part whatever for him in "The Darling of the Gods." He will, however, continue to remain a member of Mr. Tree's company, and will appear in the cast of the following production—whatever that may be. Mr. Brough is an immense favourite with everyone behind the scenes—just as he is with his audiences—and he would be greatly missed at His Majesty's.

### A Famous Raconteur.

His reputation as an anecdotist is world-wide, and his manner of telling the stories is irrefragable. He always looks so serious, too, when his hearers laugh, that the effect is all the better. He has such a happy knack, too, of criticising good-humouredly, yet in an adroit manner, that Mr. Tree on one occasion referred to him as "a breezy pessimist." Only those who have heard Mr. "Lal" Brough tell stories from the stage, or at a public dinner, can form any idea of the fun he can cause standing there alone without any of the actor's ordinary aids to illusion to help him along with his extraordinarily humorous recitals.

### The Tenor and his Hat.

Tradition and convention are often held responsible for something or other that is done, yet for which there appears to be no reasonable excuse. A certain well-known London actor was assisting at the rehearsal of a play lately in which there was some music. When it came to the tenor to sing, at the dress rehearsal, this actor—who knows less about musical plays than other sorts—noticed that the tenor took his hat off when the orchestra began the accompaniment. Going up to him he said: "Why do you take off your hat? You wouldn't do so in this situation in real life." The other looked at him, and then in a manner meant to imply pity and astonishment, replied: "Oh! Tenors always take off their hats when they sing!"

### How New Plots are Inspired.

Mr. James T. Tanner, author of "The Orchid" (at the Gaiety) and "A Country Girl" (at Daly's), says that the writer of musical plays must be just as careful as the most successful author of a modern comedy to take notice of the events taking place in the world around him, and of those recounted in the morning papers. "One never knows," says Mr. Tanner, "when the notion gleaned from the account of some stirring adventure, some amusing imbroglio, or a motion made by counsel before a Judge in the law courts may contain a suggestion for a new plot."

Seven years ago, to give a particular instance of what I mean, he came across a case of a lady applying for presumption of her husband's death. He had been a scientist, a member of a party that proceeded to India for the purpose of scientific research in the Himalayas. In the course of their work amidst the solitudes of the great peaks this man strayed from the party, and was never seen or heard of again. "Now," said Mr. Tanner, "when I read that I looked at the map, and found that Bhutan lay on the eastern side of the Himalayas. I noted the facts, and when I wrote 'A Country Girl' for Daly's Theatre I brought back that scientist to England with a pretty princess, and I called him the Rajah of Bong. Bong is what I prefer to call Bhutan, and 'Mr. Quinton Raikes,' the Rajah impersonated by Mr. Rutland Barrington, is just what my fancy chose to think the scientist might have been like had he wandered into the country of that mountain race and eventually become a leader. It is only a fancy, but fancy goes some way towards the making of a play."

### Smoking in Theatres.

How are women going to regard the question of smoking in theatres? Will they, for the sake of their husbands, their brothers, and their friends, put up with a new condition of things that cannot benefit themselves, or will they protest and say that the Lord Chamberlain's permission to smoke in theatres ought not to be demanded by the managers?

### An Appalling Prospect.

More than half the theatre-goers in English-speaking countries are women, and on them an alteration in the law that prohibits smoking in theatres would confer no privilege. That an alteration is about to be demanded there is little doubt. Managers who feel the opposition of the music-halls are determined to force the question, as they are firmly convinced that until smoking is permissible in theatres music-halls will prove more attractive to men than the theatres.

### Choked With Tobacco.

It is only within very recent years that the question of smoking in theatres could have been seriously mooted, for it is only within the past few years that gentlemen began to patronise the music-halls. Now one need not go any night in the week to the Alhambra, the Empire, or the Palace to notice that fully half the occupants of the stalls and boxes are ladies. Men—more often than not—go there because in addition to the

entertainment they can enjoy their cigar or cigarette. Ladies do not smoke in those places, but apparently they do not object to the smell of smoke, though their hair and clothes will carry home reminders of the atmosphere which they have been breathing.

Now, a very few years ago, ninety-nine women out of a hundred would have been rather disgusted with that; to-day they are so accustomed to it that only the exception protests—at least, only the exceptional few protest aloud. It is all a matter of use, and if the Lord Chamberlain should permit it, and smoking became general in the theatres, women would probably submit to the new conditions without a serious protest.

### Woman the Arbitrator.

The provincial and suburban managers are, at present, more anxious than the West End managers to have smoking allowed in their theatres, but it might be only a matter of time for the latter to follow suit. We may depend upon it that in whatever they do they will be guided principally by the wishes of their patrons. The general idea is that women will not protest against smoking in theatres. The public is now so accustomed to hear of smoking-rooms in ladies' clubs, to see some of the young and fashionable characters of modern comedy on the stage smoke cigarettes, to witness the pleasure with which ladies enjoy entertainments where smoking is permitted, that general opposition to a change in the law is not anticipated. One manager has said, in confidence, that he will give some special matinees for ladies only, when smoking will be allowed, just as an experiment.

## THE PAPERS.

### WOMEN MONEY-LENDERS.

The news that in the register of money-lenders at Somerset House the name and description of "money-lenders" has at length appeared, will give rise to some speculation as to how far the domain of male activity is to be invaded by the fair sex.—"The Critic."

### CHATTERING NUISANCES.

The most amusing fact about people who talk too much is that they are quick to perceive this fault in other people, while they are sublimely unconscious that they themselves are terrible nuisances in the same line. In talking, as in writing, the most important thing to know is what to leave out.—"Woman."

### CONCEITED NOVELISTS.

We are impatient of the colossal conceit of pampered novelists, weary of their talk about themselves, their trade, their cosmic influence. Except in a very few cases, they have no influence; they only fill with their preachments the minds of some women who know not their right hands from their left in matters intellectual.—"Times Literary Supplement."

### THE FASHIONABLE FUR.

The game-farming on a great scale which now exists as a subsidiary industry outside game preservation, though as an assistance to it, is a form of wild-animal farming which is making gigantic strides. Possibly before long, if the price of mole-skins keeps up, we may see mole farms, with mole-skins "stocked" ready for orders by the proprietors.—"Spectator."

### WHAT IS CHIPPENDALE FURNITURE?

The curious question has been raised in the law courts as to whether advertising Chippendale furniture implies that it was made by Chippendale. We think on the face of it this would be absurd. If you advertise Chippendale furniture for sale it is no more implied that Mr. Chippendale (deceased) made it than that a Queen Anne house you advertise had been built in the reign of Queen Anne.—"British Architect."

### IS THE BICYCLE GOING OUT?

To see a woman cycling is to-day almost as rare a sight as it was ten years ago. From many points of view this is a fact to be regretted, especially as the abandonment of the bicycle is not confined to towns, but extends to the country, where cycling is restricted to vicars' wives, district visitors, and other ladies, who use it strictly because of its utility. There seems to be no chance of a "social revival" for the bicycle.—"Court Journal."

### CRUELTY?

Women are no more actuated by vanity and cruelty when they wear feathers in their hats than are men when they eat "cailles à la Périgord," or turtle soup, or when they purchase handsome boas and muffs for their wives. One must use common sense in these matters, even at the risk of bringing a storm about one's head; and it is, we venture to say, not logical to shriek over birds in hats, and leave them unwept upon the table, to denounce a "wing" as wicked, and at the same time protect one's health by wearing a sable necklet or an ermine-lined cloak.—"Lady's Pictorial."

## ENGLISH DISCOMFORT.

By ADRIAN ROSS.

IT is supposed by French writers, especially novelists, that what they call "le confort Anglais" is a great and general institution of perfidious but practical Albion. It is the characteristic of "Le Club Anglais," which is widely imitated abroad; it is supposed to be the rule in "le home." As far as one can analyse the details of the picture in the mind of the French author, it is generally a vision of saddle-bag couches and arm-chairs, or even morocco club chairs, and small tables with unlimited periodicals and smoking apparatus, not to mention a tall glass for "le visky-soda." Then there are open coal fires, electric lamps, thick carpets, and silent and attentive servants.

### Too Much Comfort.

Indeed, some of the French observers think that comfort is carried to excess in the English household or club. Your slippers are too well wadded, your fires too big, too many journals are on your club table (and here one is tempted to agree with the Gaul, especially as the one journal missing is always the one you happen to want at the time).

The visitor is stifled under this hospitality, and longs for the holland housings of the French drawing-room, or the funereal splendours of its ancient furniture when it is uncovered for special occasions, and lit up by the artistic, but not particularly warming, blaze of a wood fire on a big hearth. The material luxury of the Briton kills the austerity of art.

### Le Spleen Anglais.

And here the Frenchman fails to realise what he either imitates or condemns, as is often the case. French authors and even Anglomaniacs sometimes triumphantly reproduce some word or practice which has either ceased to be English or exists with an entirely different meaning. In the brilliant Gyp's "Mariage de Chiffon," the amiable step-uncle, whom the slangy little heroine at last marries, rouses her wrath by saying that outside of France he has "le spleen." What Englishman of the last generation would have said that?

To us, the spleen is simply an internal organ, which may be enlarged, but not enlarged upon. Yet Frenchmen have believed that "le spleen," or, as some of us say, "the hump," is a term as common in use as the temper it expresses in practice. I am not sure if one Gaul did not think we worshipped "le spleen" under the style of St. Pancreas.

English comfort is to a great extent a myth. For one thing, we have few modern

houses that are adapted for either hot or cold weather. Could anything be more barbarous than the almost universal sash window—the "guillotine" window as the French call it? The cords and pulleys and counterweights, hidden in a groove, the haunt of woodlice and beetles and mice, that has to be torn up to mend the cord when it periodically breaks—what clumsier contrivance could there be?

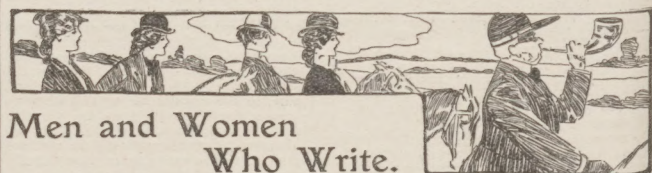
And we never get even the possible advantages of this rude contrivance. The windows let in draughts all round, and rattle horribly in the wind if not wedged. The French window, properly fitted, and with the bolt at top and bottom, is far superior. It has the disadvantage that in winter you have to open your window all the way up; but this can be remedied by the Russian plan of a hinged frame in the upper part of the window. Double windows, perhaps, we should not need, except in the north, and in spots much exposed to the wind.

### English Discomfort.

Again, our heating is barbarous and wasteful. Our water systems are left at the mercy of any severe frost. Many of our houses have rooms that are cellars except in the hottest summer, and others that are ovens in any continued sunshine. And we have in many cases failed to make provision for the characteristic feature of the English weather—rain. There are railway cuttings that are regularly flooded by more than a certain amount of rainfall. Our favourite vehicle is the hansom, which cannot be entered in rainy weather without the certainty of getting wet and the strong probability of getting muddy as well. Our streets are paved with material that holds the water and turns it to a brown, filthy soup, and we wade across, dodging the splashes if we can, without even using goloshes. The Americans and Russians have far less continuous rain than we, and their snow is usually hard and frozen for most of the winter; yet they have "rubbers," and the thick winter goloshes are made with a little knob at the back of the heel to jerk them off with the toe of the other foot, and not soil the hands. That is a "notion"—it is comfortable, but it is not English.

### The Conclusion of the Whole Matter.

The French are at heart rather a southern than a northern nation; the Roman in them is stronger than the Gaul. So their innate idea of comfort is the Italian—shelter from the sun. We have never been really either northern or southern, but always damp in our surroundings. We are never quite comfortable in heat or cold; but we might manage to keep out of the rain. Till we can "le confort Anglais" will be a French myth.



## Men and Women Who Write.

THE literary week began brilliantly by the publication of Lord Wolsley's book, and we now receive the news that Mr. Thomas Hardy's new book is not to be a novel but a play; still any work from the hand which wrote "Under the Greenwood Tree" and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" will be more than welcome, and that to readers in every part of the world.

### "Lord of the Wessex Coasts."

Never was Kipling better inspired than when he wrote the eloquent lines, "Lord of the Wessex Coasts, and all the lands thereby," concerning Thomas Hardy and that portion of Old England that he has made his own. Mr. Hardy lives in the heart of Wessex, that is, close to Dorchester, and he is one of the few authors who live in houses designed by themselves. As all lovers of "A Pair of Blue Eyes" must have guessed, the great writer knows not a little of architecture.

From the windows of Max Gate, which is the name of Mr. Hardy's house, the novelist can satisfy his eyes and soul by gazing out on some noble stretches of scenery, including the great ramparts of Maiden Castle, which, as he himself has well said, "rises against the sky with a Titanic personality that compels the senses to regard it, and consider"; while from Mrs. Hardy's drawing-room is seen the curious tumulus known as "Conquer Barrow."

### Thomas Hardy's Workroom.

Mr. Hardy does all his work in a long narrow room situated in the upper storey of his house. When he has an important piece of work in hand he does not wait for inspiration, as more foolish scribes so often declare they must do, before producing "anything good." He starts just after breakfast and writes on steadily without cessation till lunch, sometimes going on, however, till far later in the day. From the windows of his study can be seen "Overcombe Down," where was laid "The Trumpet Major"; a distant glimpse of purple-grey Egdon Heath, including the swelling eminence on which Eustasia once stood; and last, but not least, portions of Bathsheba's Farm.

### Scientist and Storyteller.

Mr. Wells is certainly the only novelist who has taken a first class in zoology and can write B.S.C. after his name. The son of a professional cricketer, he began his career as a draper's assistant, but so strong was his scientific bent that it triumphed over all obstacles, and, after taking his degree, he made his living as a "coach" for some time.

Failing health turned him to literature, and the "Pall Mall Gazette" has the credit of encouraging his earliest efforts.

Of course, his love of science comes out in all his stories—indeed, he has been called the English Jules Verne. But the famous Frenchman's books are, after all, only fantasies, children's "make-believe," whereas Mr. Wells, in addition to getting his science "all right," which Verne sometimes does not, takes the larger field of the prophet and the reformer. For instance, his latest book but one, "Mankind in the Making," is an earnest effort to achieve something for the improvement of the race.

He has a refined, intellectual face, tall, erect figure, and keen blue eyes. It is no secret that he owes much inspiration and encouragement to Mrs. Wells. They have a pretty baby at Sandgate, and a wholly delightful baby, who has doubtless had something to say to his father's latest pronouncement on mankind.

### A Very Popular Woman Writer.

Science—that is to say, medical science—plays its part also in the literary life of a very different, but probably quite as popular, novelist, Mrs. L. T. Meade. This lady was born Elizabeth Thomasina Meade, and is married to a doctor, Mr. Toulmin Smith, who, under the pen-name of "Robert Eustace," has often collaborated with his wife. At the age of seven, little Elizabeth Thomasina, being found sobbing violently one day by her kind grandmother, explained that she was crying about Herbert, "a little boy I am missing up." Such a child had to become a writer, in spite of the usual family opposition, and up to the time of going to press her score of novels may be returned as "two hundred not out."

The pace is tremendous, 8,000 words a day, in fact, but then Mrs. Meade dictates all her fiction. It is to be feared that stories produced in this wholesale fashion do not live long, but Mrs. Meade writes for the young woman of to-day, not for posterity. She is a very kindly, sweet-natured woman, and is fond of a quiet rubber of whist.

### THE LIST FOR THE LIBRARY.

THE STORY OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE (Lord Wolsley's autobiography). Constable.  
THE QUEEN'S CASE DE NOUVEAU (historical novel). By Herbert Compton. Chatto and Windus.  
TWELVE STORIES AND A DREAM (humorous and scientific short stories). By H. W. Wells. Macmillan.  
THE MAGIC CITY (a charming child's story). By Ignatius Lawrence and Bullen.



# YESTERDAY IN TOWN. OUT AND ABOUT IN THE WEST-END.

45 and 46, New Bond-street,  
Monday Evening.

The return of the King and Queen always seems to brighten up London, and this afternoon there was plenty of life and movement in the streets, while the dry pavements induced a great many people to walk.

At Christie's.

Christie's auction rooms, where there are generally a good many interesting people to be seen, open again on Thursday, and to-day there has been a constant stream of visitors through the galleries admiring a very interesting collection of mezzotints. Lord Greenock looked in rather early, and found there Mr. John Thynne with his pretty daughter, Miss Agatha Thynne, wearing blue tweed with roses and violets in a black hat. Enquiries were being made as to the date of the sale of the late Queen Draga of Serbia's jewels, but no definite information was to be elicited.

Afternoon Hours.

The block at the end of Piccadilly at one time this afternoon was unique, for there were no fewer than four electric broughams waiting one behind another, as well as many other vehicles. The Prince and Princess of Wales were in a closed carriage; Mme. Pansa, the wife of the Italian Ambassador, was driving about looking very beaming, and Lady Titchborne, wearing black and white, was in a hansom. Mrs. French Brewster had on a sable cape and brown toque trimmed with fur. Lord Granby, accompanied by a pretty little daughter, wearing a bright scarlet coat, was on foot in Bond-street; Lady Agnetta Montagu had one of her daughters with her; and Lord Erroll was walking briskly down Piccadilly.

Royalties at Lunch.

There was a very large and interesting crowd lunching to-day at Willis's. One very big party included the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who had with them the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia, Prince Francis of Teck, Count Montebello, and Captain Seymour Fortescue. The Duchess looked very nice in dark blue with a sealskin coat and black hat, and with the party, too, was Mrs. John Leslie, dressed in black.

At a table close by was the Duchesse d'Albroux, who is attached to the Queen of Italy's suite. She was dressed in a short skirt of dark brown cloth, over which was a big fur-trimmed coat, while a touch of colour was given by a choux of pale blue in her grebe toque, and a bunch of malmaisons tucked into her waist. Lady Gerard, wearing black velvet with an ermine coat, was lunching with her daughter, Miss Edith Gerard, in dark blue with white furs, and among the men were Mr. de Soveral and Major Wynne Finch.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught visited the Gaiety Theatre this evening, and witnessed the performance of "The Orchid."

## SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

St. George's Hall, where the State banquet at Windsor will be held to-morrow night, is a very different place to what it was in the last reign. The oak panelling has been scraped, the suits of armour polished, the coats of arms on the fretted ceiling repainted and regilded. The most remarkable and effective change is in the method of lighting. On either side of the hall are twelve brackets supporting suits of armour or trophies of arms and flags. From each bracket springs at the end of each, where the hand should be, is a large electric globe.

The effect is as if some giant in armour extended his mail-clad arms from the wall, while the rest of his body remained invisible. The steel, in hue and polish, exactly matches the coats of armour, and the effect is very striking. Above this blaze of light and twenty-five Knights of the Garter, which link the days of Edward VII. with those of Edward III.

Both the little girls of the King and Queen of Italy are pretty, Princess Yolande, the elder, being remarkably lovely, with large black eyes.

When King Edward saw Princess Yolande for the first time in Rome last year he was

quite concerned at her bursting into tears—tears both of sorrow and anger. "Oh, Mamma!" she cried, as she stamped her foot, "he has not got his crown on."

The nurse chosen by Queen Elena for her babies is an English one. With crowned heads an English nurse is ever a prime favourite. The Kaiser and his brothers, as children, were brought up by Mrs. Hobbes, and his children have had an English nurse. The Queen of Holland was instructed by Miss Winter, whilst the Crown Princess of Roumania and the Tsarina of Russia have Scotch nurses for their children.

The Fleur de Lys Amateur Band is to dis-

# DEATH OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF HESSE.

Their Majesties were deeply grieved yesterday to hear of the sudden death of the eight-year-old Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, who is doubly, through both her parents, the King's grand-niece. The little Princess was a singularly lovely and lovable child, and the namesake of her aunt, the Grand Duchess Serge of Russia, the most beautiful of the Grand Duke of Hesse's sisters.

The sad event is rendered more tragic, owing to the fact that her young parents,

# THE KING AND QUEEN IN LONDON.

COUNCIL AT THE PALACE.

The King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria and the Prince and Princess of Wales, travelled to London from Sandringham yesterday by special train on their way to Windsor to welcome the King and Queen of Italy.

The royal train reached St. Pancras at 2.30, and, among others who travelled in it, were Lord and Lady Dudley, Lord and Lady Savile, Lady Airlie, and Lady Emily Kingscote.

Their Majesties, with Princess Victoria, attended by Miss Charlotte Knollys, Lord Knollys, General Sir Dighton Probyn, and Colonel Davidson, drove to Buckingham Palace and were heartily cheered by the crowds who had assembled along the line of route.

His Majesty was wearing a dark grey suit and a bowler hat, while the Queen looked charming in mauve with a bunch of yellow flowers in her coat, and Princess Victoria was dressed in black. The Princess of Wales drove from St. Pancras to Marlborough House with Lady Airlie and Mr. Derek Keppel in attendance. The Prince, who had a call to make in Belgrave-square before his departure for Portsmouth to receive the King and Queen of Italy, drove away alone.

After the formalities of the reception of their Majesties at the Palace, the King received in the Council Chamber Lord Londonderry, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Graham Murray, and Mr. Almeric Fitzroy. The business before the Council was quickly disposed of, and within ten minutes of their reception by the King, Lord Londonderry and Lord Salisbury had left the Palace for the Cabinet meeting at 3.30.

Photo by Busoni, Naples.

The KING and QUEEN of ITALY, who arrive in England to-day. Their Majesties will travel direct from Portsmouth to Windsor Castle.

course sweet music at the Irish Industries sale on Thursday and Friday next. Composed entirely of ladies and conducted by Signor G. B. Marchisio, the band, which was only formed last Christmas, is already considered the best amateur ladies' string band in London.

Mrs. Yeates organised it, and most of its members have been recruited from Lady Clayton's band, which is well known and

although "divorced by mutual consent," were both devoted to her.

It is stated that death was due to a sudden and violent attack of a choleraic nature. The princess, with her father, had accompanied the Tsar and Tsarina from Darmstadt to Skierniewice.

Princess Elizabeth's death places in family mourning the Courts of Russia, Roumania, and Germany, also such well-known royal personages as Prince and Princess Louis of Bat-

some light refreshment the King and Queen, with Princess Victoria, proceeded to Paddington, where they were joined by Princess Louise and the Duke of Argyll, and all travelled together to Windsor by special train at 5.25.

The Princess of Wales, with her brother, Prince Alexander of Teck, followed by a later train.

The King and Queen had a small dinner party at Windsor Castle last evening, when the band of the Coldstream Guards played a selection of music.

Lord Milner and Lord Currie were included among their Majesties' guests.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CAR.

Following the example of his royal father, the Prince of Wales is taking up motoring with great enthusiasm.

The 22-h.p. Daimler car, which is his latest acquisition, has proved such a success that he has conferred a royal warrant upon the manufacturers, who have also received that honour from the King.

This car is fitted with a seven-seated body, a great point about it being that all the seats face forwards. It has a canopy, as well as windows and storm curtains, and is altogether very complete in every way.

The Prince of Wales has already driven this car himself, and unlike the Kaiserin the Princess of Wales has no fear in trusting herself to his guidance.

## WEATHER AT THE WINTER RESORTS.

We have received the following reports from our special correspondents:—

Biarritz.—Maximum, 62; minimum, 51; raining.

Catroe.—Slightly clouded; maximum, 68; minimum, 55.

Cannes.—Eight hours' sunshine; maximum, 66; barometer falling.

Naples.—Beautiful weather; maximum, 67; minimum, 54; eight hours' sunshine.

Nice.—Sunny, calm; maximum, 67; minimum, 40.

Bath.—Sunshine and showers; cold; maximum, 46; minimum, 38.

Brighton.—Over five hours' sunshine; maximum, 51; minimum, 35.

Eastbourne.—Calm, clear, cold; six hours' sunshine.

## LADIES' HOCKEY.

The county hockey match, Warwickshire Ladies v. Shropshire Ladies, was played at Shrewsbury yesterday. Miss Mayne opened the scoring for Warwickshire, and Mrs. Mytton responded for Shropshire. For the remainder of the half the visitors had all the game, and Miss Mayne added two more goals, and Miss Lupton also scored. Shropshire showed up better in the second half. Both teams had hard luck at times, but secured a goal. Result: Warwickshire, 4 goals; Shropshire, 1 goal.

At Wombolt Farm yesterday Ryhall and King's College played a draw of 2 goals each.



The PRINCESSES YOLANDE and MARGUERITE, the two children of the King and Queen of Italy.

highly successful, and others from Miss Perkin's band.

Lady Gerard has let her big house in Hill-street for the winter, and has taken 24, Charles-street, as a *piéd-à-terre* in town. Garwood is shut up, and Eastwell Park's let to Mr. W. K. Millar for the shooting. For the hunting season Lady Gerard has taken Somerby Grove, Oakham, and her brother, Major George Milner, of the 1st Life Guards, is spending the winter with her and her daughter, Miss Gerard.

Great regret is felt at the approaching retirement from Parliament of Mr. Henry Cubitt, member for the Reigate Division, who was elected in 1892 by a large majority. Mr. Cubitt is the only son and heir of Lord Ashcombe, of Denbies, Dorking, and married a daughter of the late Colonel Calvert, of Ockley Court, Surrey.

tenberg, as well as the whole of our Royal Family.

## OUR BIRTHDAY LIST.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 17.

"Health and fair greeting."

Lady Elgin.

Lady Edward Cavendish.

Lord Rosse.

Mr. Henry Stonor.

Since her husband's term of office as Viceroy of India came to an end, Lady Elgin has been comparatively little seen in society. During her "reign," however, there was no more popular Vicereine than Lady Elgin, and she was much regretted when she left the East.

Mr. Henry Stonor is a Groom-in-Waiting to the King, and a very popular man in society. He is an uncle of Lord Camoys, and brother of Mme. d'Hautpoul, who is supposed to bear a great resemblance to the Queen.



## AMUSEMENTS.

**HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE.**  
TONIGHT at 9.  
Preceded at 8.30 by SHARDS OF NIGHT  
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

**HIS MAJESTY'S. MRS. TREE.**  
TONIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.  
Shakespeare's  
KING RICHARD II.  
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.15.  
Box-office (Mr. F. J. Turner), ten to ten.—HIS MAJESTY'S.

**IMPERIAL THEATRE.**  
MR. LEWIS WALLER.  
TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.  
MR. LEWIS WALLER.  
MONSIEUR BEAUCARRE.  
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.  
Box-office open 10 till 10.—IMPERIAL.

**COURT THEATRE.** Mr. J. H. Leigh.  
THE TEMPEST.  
EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.  
MATINEES TO-DAY AND FRIDAY, at 2.30.  
Box-office open 10 to 10. Telephone, 5024 Westminster.  
SPECIAL SATURDAY MATINEE, Nov. 21, at 2.30.

**SHAFTESBURY.** Lessee, Geo. Musgrove.  
WILLIAMS AND WALKER.  
IN DAHOMEY.  
WILLIAMS AND WALKER.  
IN DAHOMEY.  
MATINEES WED. AND SAT. 2.15. NIGHTLY, 8.15.

**MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.—AUTUMN TOUR.**—THIS WEEK, GRAND THEATRE, LEEDS.  
The run of OLD HEIDELBERG will be resumed at the ST. JAMES'S on MONDAY, JANUARY 25.

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119, Regent-street, W.  
APOLLO CONCERTS.  
THURSDAY NEXT, Nov. 19, at 3.30 p.m.

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Vocalist—MR. STERLING MACKINLAY.  
Accompanied by the APOLLO Piano Players.  
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## BIRTHS.

**BEHRENS.**—On the 14th inst., at West View, Victoria Park, Manchester, the wife of Harold L. Behrens, of a daughter.  
**BLACKBURN.**—On Nov. 8, at Standerton, Transvaal, the wife of Captain C. H. Blackburn, D.S.O., of a daughter (premature).  
**CAMPBELL.**—On Thursday, the 13th inst., at 12, Lansdowne-terrace, Edinburgh, the wife of A. H. Campbell, Writer to the Signet, of a daughter.  
**LINDEN.**—On Nov. 13, 1903, at Lindenau, Halifax, the wife of Ernest Fiddis, of a son.  
**MCLAREN.**—On the 12th inst., at 16, Henderland-road, Murrayfield, Edinburgh, the wife of James Alexander McLaren, C.A., of a son.  
**PHILIP.**—On Oct. 15, at the Peak, Hong Kong, the wife of E. H. Philip, K.C., of a son.  
**VANDELIER.**—On Nov. 14, at Nowshera, Punjab, India, the wife of Major Crofton Barry Vandelier, The Cameronians, of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

**ABBOTT-WHITE.**—On Nov. 14, at St. Andrew's Church, Lincoln, by the Rev. R. Walker, Rector, Walter Abbott, son of Mr. Michael Abbott of Hampden House, London, N.W., to Kitty, only daughter of Francis White, Esq., Lord of the Manor, East Firby, Lincolnshire.  
**BEVAN-WILLIAMS.**—On Nov. 12, at Newcastle Church, Bridgend, by the Rev. D. Phillips, B.A., vicar, assisted by the Venerable the Archdeacon of Lincoln F. W. Edmonds, M.A., and the Rev. T. D. Bevan, M.A., vicar of Ewenny, father of the bridegroom, Thomas Morgan Bevan to Alice Williams, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Williams, of Bridgend.  
**CHAPPEL-GADGUM.**—On Nov. 12, at the parish church, Bowdon, by the Rev. W. M. Webster, Rector, assisted by the Rev. W. H. Chappel, King's School, Worcester, brother of the bridegroom, George Peter Chappel, M.D., of Tottenham, son of the late Canon Chappel, Cambridge, Cornwall, to Mary Emily, elder daughter of Harry T. Gadgum, J.P., of Bowdon.  
**GOSLING-KIRBY.**—On Nov. 12, in the private chapel at Monteviot, by the Rev. M. M. Webster, Rector, assisted by the Rev. G. E. Edmonds, Captain W. S. Gosling to the Lady George Kirby.  
**HOOKHAM-BATEMAN.**—On Nov. 14, at 88, Philip and James, Leckhampton, Cheltenham, George Hookham, F.P., of Gloucestershire, to the Miss Major-General Arthur Francis Gertrude, elder daughter of Robert Edward Bateman, of Woodcote, Cheltenham.

## DEATHS.

**BANNER.**—On the 8th inst., in London, Robert William Banner, youngest son of the late Edward Walter Banner, of Poobank, Bebbington, Cheshire, aged 45 years.  
**BUTCHER.**—On Nov. 13, at 59, Longbridge-road, Ealing, Court, Jane, the widow of the late Major-General Arthur Butcher, in her 81st year.  
**CLODE.**—On Nov. 12, at Redgate, Uppingham, in her 92nd year, Mary, third daughter of George John and Elizabeth Clode.  
**INGRAM.**—On the 14th inst., at 42, Beaufort-gardens, S.W., after two days' illness, Henry L. Ingram, aged 45.  
**MACFARLANE.**—On the 12th inst., after a short illness, Emily Caroline Macfarlane, widow of William Macfarlane, of the Bank of Montreal, and daughter of the late Major-General Wavell, K.F.C., K.C.S., F.R.S.  
**RICHARDS.**—On the 13th inst., at Southwell, Friends' road, Crofton, Cecilia Richards, aged 76 years.  
**THOMAS RICHARDS.**—On the 13th inst., at Southwell, Friends' road, Crofton, Cecilia Richards, aged 76 years.  
**TREVELL.**—On Nov. 12, at Redgate, Uppingham, within a week of completing his 80th birthday.

## NOTICES TO READERS.

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## The Daily Mirror.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1903.

## THE SHELTERED LIFE.

By J. M. MAURICE.

THERE is a great multitude of women—wives, sisters, daughters—in this country living what has been well characterized as the Sheltered Life.

They are protected, so far as loving care and human prevision can effect it, from the jars, the shocks, and the rude buffets of circumstance which others, in a sense less fortunate though not less deserving, have to endure. Harsh sounds are not permitted to assail their dainty ears, nor cruel sights to dim the brightness of their eyes. They are wrapped, as it were, in cotton wool.

The roar of the outer world—the vast, the tremendous world—comes up to them, as Sir Walter Besant finely said when describing Agatha L'Estrange, a lady of this class, in "The Golden Butterfly," one of the most delightful books ever written, "like the breaking of the rough sea upon a shore so far off that the wild dragging of the shingle, with its long-drawn cry, sounds like a distant song."

Of the "de Profundis" that swells up without ceasing from over-burdened and driven souls, dull with misery, and care, and the steady, pitiless drain of life-blood, they know little or nothing. Of the fierce strife of men, of the keenness of competition in all the markets of the world and in every field of human activity—in brief, of the strenuous life—they have only a faint impression. They are but dimly aware that thousands of their less-favoured sisters are struggling and fighting as best they may in this seething arena.

It is not that they do not care, that they have no gift of sympathy, but for the greater part that they do not know. Their conceptions of life are formed from novels, not infrequently selected for them by their men folk, and from newspapers and magazines, also prescribed. And what they read in novel or newspaper is all of one piece, all unreal, insubstantial, something outside themselves—just tales that are told. They sit in the stalls of a theatre of dreams, and look on at shadow-figures talking and moving upon a stage.

Their lives are a round of pleasant entertainments in pleasant places, or happy social gatherings in bright gardens, of flittings hither and thither to favourite resorts—the whole a background, so to speak, to the performance of the simple duties of their station. Oh, it is a beautiful life enough! That his wife, his sister, his daughter should lead the Sheltered Life is the ideal of almost every Englishman, unless fate has thrust him upon its lowest levels. It is often said that it is the ideal only of the Middle Classes—the cheap jeer of the Middle Classes is always ready—but it is an ideal that is not confined to them.

When an Englishman comes in from the stress and din of the outer world he loves to find rest and refreshment among his womenkind, in their daintiness, in their charm, in their very aloofness from the battle he himself has to wage. They present a grateful and inviting contrast to what he has left behind him for the time. And it is no small service—"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Of course, there is another side to the Sheltered Life, as it can hardly be said to be the fullest, the most developed life. If there is great gain, there is also much loss.

It draws no strength, no inspiration from that welter of emotion and experience in which the big world founders—but founders on. It knows nothing of the keener, fiercer, but more heart-satisfying compensations that attend the life of hard struggle. If it is spared the bitter pangs of defeat, it never drinks that sparkling draught of joy which comes with victory dearly bought. It can scarcely understand the feeling of passionate content which makes one say after achievement, "I have lived!" Nay, the very words to those who live the Sheltered Life savour of impropriety.

The Sheltered Life but ill prepares for those mutations of fortune, "the chances and changes of this our mortal life," which are the common lot of men from the highest to the lowest, no matter the greatness of the care with which they seek to guard their dear ones. For when the day of trouble dawns, the women, though they wish with all their hearts to stand by their men, may yet not be able, for they "don't know how." Still, I fancy, they will generally find a way.

## DINNER-PARTY TALK.

By MARY E. MURRAY.

THERE is an apocryphal legend that when the Almighty first planted a garden for the pleasure of Adam and Eve he let down twelve baskets of talk from Heaven. Upon nine of these Eve pounced, leaving only three for Adam.

Yet sons inherit from their mother; daughters from their fathers. Since the days of that old myth talk has become more evenly distributed, and great inheritors of the gift are quite as apt to be found among men as among women.

Language was given us to conceal our thoughts; talk to sweeten existence, and to help to oil its wheels. It must not be confused with conversation, which is much rarer, although of the same nature: talk being a babbling little stream, frolicking beside us almost unnoticed although undoubtedly it adds to the joy of life, while conversation is a great stately river, seen but seldom, and kept in the memory afterwards with delight.

A clever hostess desirous of giving a successful party said: "Let us get George Barker. He will make a noise." Anyone who has suffered from that heavily weighing silence that turns a social gathering into a funeral feast partaken of by mutes will do well to follow her suggestion and make sure that a Barker is of the party on the next occasion. Yet, unfortunately, useful as noisy talkers are in their proper place, they are subject to disappointing attacks of silence at times when their garrulity would be most useful.

It is here that a really kind-hearted woman may step in to advantage, and earn unconscious gratitude from the giver of the feast. There are at least three topics of universal interest—hotels, cooking, and clothes. A modest request for advice on the choice of an hotel will bring an avalanche of talk, for everyone has stayed in hotels at some time. Foreign travel and many other developments may spring from this source.

Cooking will occasionally make even a dull man eloquent, even though he be mute as a stone on every other subject, while a nice intelligence in asking the very latest fashion in neckties and breast-pins has endeared a woman to a man for life.

## A WOMAN'S DIARY OF THE WORLD.

NOVEMBER 17.—Catherine II. of Russia died on this day in 1796. She was, we cannot doubt, a bad, bad woman. It was a melancholy stroke of fortune which married her to Peter III. Such a union, says one biographer, between a prince who physically was something less than a man, and mentally little more than a child, and a princess of prodigious intellect, with an insatiable appetite for enjoyment, was bound to end in catastrophe.

Peter, this extraordinary wife of his tells us, had lost the little wit he had, and on that day when an officer awoke Catherine at Peterhof, when she rode at the head of the army to march on the Tsar her husband, no wonder that Peter gladly stepped down from the throne, and died, as Catherine herself assures us, the simplest natural death.

At last, then, said Catherine, "God has brought everything to pass according to his predisposition." The whole thing is rather a miracle than a fact foreseen and arranged by God for our future good, and combinations could have been coincided unless God's hand had been over it all.

A strange saying surely, but it was not Catherine herself who said it, but some very strange situations in this world!

## A ROYAL WIFE AND MOTHER.

## QUEEN ELENA OF ITALY.

CESTIT ti zet; this means in Serb, "I wish you a son-in-law," and this is how a Montenegro mother is greeted by relations and friends when she has been so unlucky—according to the prejudice of the Black Mountain against the fair sex—as to give birth to a girl. Indeed, such a birth in a country of fighting heroes is considered almost a calamity.

The sympathetic wish "cesti ti zet" brought luck to Princess Milena on January 13, 1873, when she gave birth to Elena, the fourth of her daughters and the future Queen of Italy.

## Her Simple Childhood.

Her childhood passed quietly in the old and simple palace of Cetinje under the care of Mademoiselle Neukot, a Swiss governess, who taught her French. Her father and mother brought up all their children in the austere practice of domestic virtues. When twelve years old Elena was sent, like her sisters, to St. Petersburg to the Smolna Institute, which is under the patronage of the Tsarina. She stayed there several years, learning both Russian (which she speaks as fluently and as smartly as French) and German, studying literature, history, music, and drawing. Then she returned to Cetinje; where her education was completed by her father and by the late Serb poet Sundecic. They young Princess showed a particular gift for art, and she had the direction of all artistic works in Montenegro.

From her father she inherited a gift for poetry, and it is a well-known secret that she contributed several poems in French and Russian to the "Nadalia" of St. Petersburg and to other Russian and French reviews under the nom de plume of "Blue Butterfly."

Pretty, cheerful, intelligent, learned, fond as a young English girl of tennis, hunting, and archery, she was idolised by her countrymen and admired in her journeys abroad (which she undertook purposely to study art) to Dresden, Vienna, and Venice.

It is said that it was on the sea that she first met her lover, the young Prince of Naples, while he was yachting on the Adriatic. The Prince, who had always been opposed to the idea of marriage, or, at least, to a marriage of convenience, fell at once in love with her. Nobody, however, knew it at the time. The two lovers kept their secret for well nigh two years, during which time they saw one another occasionally in Venice and in St. Petersburg. They were married in 1896, in spite of those near the Prince, who would have liked as a wife for the future King of Italy the daughter of some noble and old European Court. The venerable poet John Sundecic interpreted the feelings of his countrymen in a poem addressed to the Prince of Naples, in which he said:—

Thou, nephew of that immortal hero, whose name thou bearest, son of a king rich in virtues, guardian of his fatherland that for beauties cannot feel any rival, alas, thou robtest us of our best treasure!"

## A Fond Wife and Mother.

And a treasure, indeed, proved to be Elena Petrovic of Montenegro, as a wife and a mother, just as she had been as a daughter. While still Princess of Naples, she was devoted to her husband; not a cloud rose on their sky; they were always happy, and their happiness arose chiefly from their communion of ideals, tastes, habits. He liked simplicity in life and hated all Court ceremonies. So did his wife. They were only longing to get away from society and enjoy their love in a sort of seclusion. They passed the brightest days of their early conjugal life on the yacht Jela—sometimes in the Mediterranean, sometimes in the North Sea, where they went together twice, in the summers of 1893 and 1899, to hunt the bear in Spitzbergen.

Neither her thoughts, her feelings, nor her prejudices changed very much when she became Queen in 1900. Her story from the time her husband ascended to the throne up to now is the simple story of a good, loving wife and of a happy mother.

In Italy people have little to say about her receptions, her balls, her dresses; but everyone has a little tale to narrate illustrating her fondness for Volanda and Mafalda, her two little daughters.

At the Quirinal, Queen Elena likes best the conversation of young ladies, and particularly of young mothers, with whom she discusses the way of bringing up children. She cannot yet refer to her husband as "His Majesty," but though she smilingly corrects herself, she will always say "Vitorio."

At the time the Court exigencies leave to her she spends with her Volanda and Mafalda. The wet nurse of Mafalda said to a journalist lately that the Queen used to go into her room twice every night to see if the baby was all right, and when the nurse left the Court for her village (Veroli) the Queen wept as if she were parting with a sister and embraced her tenderly.

"She made me promise," said the nurse, "to go and see her in Rome next Christmas, and—can you imagine what she asked me to bring her?—one of our rolls of Veroli taste." Is she not good and simple? Queen Elena dresses with great elegance and good taste, and possesses some very beautiful jewels, among them a pearl necklace that is one of the finest in the world. Her face is fascinating. One is enchanted by beauty is fascinating. One is enchanted by the oval of her face, framed in darkest hair. Her dark velvety eyes have the sweetness of her mother and the energy of her father. Her carriage shows that the Queen has dedicated a great part of her time as a girl to riding on horseback, to gymnastics, to walking and shooting.





## OUTFIT FOR A WINTER AT ST. MORITZ.

WRITTEN UP FROM A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

THE damp of the past summer is driving people earlier than usual to seek the brisk, dry air and glorious sunshine of the Engadine, and November this year will see the St. Moritz hotels full, and the season in full swing, though it is quite within the bounds of possibility that those going so early may be disappointed to find the snow and ice not yet sufficiently good for tobogganing or skating. This will quickly remedy, and getting there early means the joy of lake skating before the frost becomes so intense that ice flowers spoil the ice on the lakes, and make the rinks the only possible places.

What to take is always a vexed question, and a slight outline of what is necessary may be a help to many.

### Knickerbockers Imperative.

Thick, warm underclothing is, of course, absolutely necessary, and during the day all petticoats are discarded, and the well-dressed woman wears knickerbockers of the same colour and material as her skirt, or failing this, black serge or satin ones lined with flannel.

Fine merino stockings or thick spun silk ones are imperative, and a pair of "gouties," which to the uninitiated sounds appalling but if got at the American Shoe Company are really very neat, and a well-shaped foot looks as well in a "gouty" as in a patent leather boot.

### Foot-Gear.

A pair of real thick shooting boots, to which the toboggan toe rakes can be fixed, and a pair of high skating boots, Mount Charles fittings and 6ft. radius blades, or Princess skates will complete the outside foot-gear, with a couple of pair of cloth or doekin leggings. Ordinary leather or patent walking boots are quite useless, and the individual who attempts to use them will awake to this fact when his or her toes are badly frostbitten.

A fur lined travelling coat, fur sack, or rug are necessary for sleighing expeditions, and an Engadine helmet, which can be procured in the village, will perfect the guard against "Jack Frost."

### Cloth Preferable to Frieze.

Three smart thick cloth skirts and jackets for skating will be advisable, and these must be short, and cloth will be found lighter and warmer than the more open frieze or serge. Against the snow, dark red, purple, brown, or green are the best colours; blue should be avoided, as the strong sun turns this white, and black brown, and makes any white cloth look dirty. Jackets are better than coats, as they allow freer action of the body when skating, and the Russian blouse or short bolero looks very neat.

While the sun is up the skaters will often find even these too hot, but should have a fur bolero and a stole for colder days. As many pretty flannel or silk blouses as fancy dictates these making a pleasing variety in the daily costume.

For sunny days a large soft felt hat is best, and if the skater has any vanity she will wear a thick gauze veil tied à la Victorian to protect her complexion. If not, she will speedily become mahogany colour. On the windy, cold days a close-fitting toque, or motor-cap, and a closely-tied gauze veil will be found most comfortable.

### Tobogganing Attire.

A really thick, short, tweed skirt and coat and a sweater will be found most practical for tobogganing, "ski-ing" or "bobbing"; and again the Engadine helmet will be the best of armours, as often as not the novice in these amusements will find herself buried head downwards in snow. Thick knitted gloves, made in the baby form of no fingers, only a bag and a thumb, and coming right up the arm over the coat sleeve should finish this dress.

### Tea-gowns Tabooed.

The sun going down at four drives all but mad enthusiasts into tea and bridge, and other indoor amusements, and two or three

# The Tide of Fashion.

really smart afternoon dresses will be found most useful for this varied with dainty blouses and skirts. These are preferable to tea-gowns for hotel life.

Table d'hôte gowns must be very smart, practically the same as at Monte Carlo, as there is seldom an evening without a concert or theatricals or tableaux in one hotel or another. Small dinner parties for these are much in vogue, therefore several simple but dainty dinner gowns are useful, and these are also worn at the weekly dances.

At the large balls given at and by all the hotels on festive occasions, full evening dress is correct, and three or four ball-dresses of the prettiest and smartest that a modiste can devise will be necessary.

A well-thought out fancy dress must form part of the outfit, as the winter habits of St.

do well to arm themselves with all their best and bravest apparel.

They may like to hear, in conclusion, of a lovely evening gown, specially prepared for wearing at this resort. It is an exquisite example of the embroiderer's art, the work done most elaborately, and yet arranged with perfect taste.

The gown itself is carried out in ivory white Oriental satin of a very rich quality and made with a long-trained skirt. A hem of pale pink velvet borders this skirt all the way round, finished at the top with a narrow passementerie worked in pale green and pale mauve filoseille silks, brightened with threads of silver. Above there come graceful trailing clusters of pink and white wild roses and green leaves worked in soft silk ribbon embroidery, with little touches of chenille



## VIVE CHIFFON.

ITS EVOLUTION AND AMAZING SUCCESS.

"A WONDROUS century of invention," says the observant sage, "which has brought us perfected progress by steam, the telegraph, the telephone, and the uses of electricity to light and move the world."

"And," the maiden gently urges, "Chiffon." Different points of view, no doubt, yet to all intents and purposes chiffon is the nearest approach to a complete novelty in the land of dress which has been introduced to us in these advancing times. In other days there was samite of glory, and later, gauze of a kind, and later still a crêpe de Chine, with a difference; but the only new thing is chiffon, whose immediate progenitors, by the way, were Indian muslin and lisse.

### Its Comprehensiveness.

We hailed chiffon with joy, we recognised its virtues immediately, and we worship it perpetually. It made its tentative appearance as a flounce, a bouillonné, a chemisette, a sleeve; then it was promoted to the honour of making a blouse; later, it was gathered, it was pleated, it was plain, it was tucked, and did its duty as a skirt for a young girl; then it was worked into floral garlands and adorned à merveille with amazing elaborations, and dedicated to the matron. Now it is spangled with gold and silver, and wrought with pearls and diamonds; then again it is inlaid with lace, and traced with iridescent mother-of-pearl sequins, and exalted into trains, which, like the cat of history, "went up to London to see the Queen."

### A Novelty in View.

Yes, chiffon is the idol of the century, and the common wonder is how we existed without it; while the truly initiated know that even at this moment a rival in the field of favour is on the loom, and this combines in itself the diaphanous charms of its predecessor with the more solid softness of French crêpe.

But that is another story. Sufficient for to-day is the chiffon thereof, and its latest mission is to accompany and support furs, even it is allowed to eke out their insufficiencies. And the so-called monster fur muff may reveal possibilities to the economical if the centre strip of fur be flanked by frills of chiffon to match, multitudinous and extensive enough to reach on either side the liberal limits of size set down by a prodigal fashion.

### Incongruous, but Convincing.

The same policy is pursued with fur coats, mainly with those of moleskin and sable; the back, the collar, the fronts, and the tops of the sleeves will be made of fur, while the seams beneath the arms, the completion of the sleeves to the wrist, and the decorations round the shoulders will take the form of tiny pleatings of chiffon. An incongruous combination, perhaps, is chiffon with fur, but it is extremely pretty, therefore may it be justified, for it exercises a softening effect and makes generally for the becoming. Very quaint pelerines, reminiscent of the fancies of our great grandmothers, to whom, poor dears, chiffon was an unknown luxury, have the top-pointed cape in fur, and frillings of chiffon in narrow kilts edged with bouillonnés beneath this.

### Two Pink Gowns.

Pink is quite a favourite colour this year. In a gorgeous chiffon and velvet gown of that colour inlets of fine lace embroidered with pink topaz and gold and silver threads appear in the skirt. The draped bodice has lace sleeve bands with falling draperies of pink chiffon; and is held over the shoulders by pink velvet straps lightly embroidered with gold and silver and finished with tassels of the same. Some sprays of purple orchids complete the corsage.

Another gown is of pink chiffon trimmed almost from waist to hem with tiny ruches of taffetas, shading downwards from palest pink at the top to brightish rose at the edge of the skirt.

### A Conclusion.

Chiffon in brown or mole hue makes the ideal blouse for wearing beneath the fur jacket, and it becomes more decorative when there is an introduction of cream-coloured lace in the collarband, or yoke, or its equivalent. What is the equivalent of the yoke, I wonder? The reflection reminds me of a doctor who ordered a patient "a mutton chop or its equivalent"—but I digress. Let me finally in favour of chiffon note its beneficial effect as a lining to a lace skirt or a lace bodice, its improving influence beneath a medallion of lace, and its special charm as a scarf for wrapping round the head in the evening, when it is carefully and liberally strewn with a powdering of tiny spangles.



## DINNER GOWN FOR COMPLIMENTARY MOURNING.

Palest grey crepe de Chine with trailing embroideries in silver, encrusted with small jet paillettes. Flat roses, raised from the embroidery, in panne of a deeper shade of grey. Waist band of black "Liberty." Linings of palest mauve glace, with accordioned frills of mauve chiffon.

Moritz pride themselves on these balls, and the lovely dresses seen at them are hard to equal. A feature of St. Moritz, which is due to the preponderance in winter of English people, is that until after church on Sunday every woman appears in her smartest town get-up except for her feet, which are still clad in the comfortable gouty.

St. Moritz, like all other places, has become "very smart," and those who knew it years ago, and are now meditating revisiting it, will

here and there, and scattered over all tiny diamond dewdrops. These embroideries stretch upward to the waist, where they taper away to a few stray leaves and blossoms.

The low bodice of this beautiful evening gown is arranged in exactly the same way, except that the satin is slightly swathed to the graceful figure. Soft draperies of pale pink velvet outlining the décolletage and serving later on as a background for magnificent diamond ornaments.



# Great Bridge Contest

For Beginners and Experts.

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You may win, and cannot lose.

In addition to all Entrance Fees.

## THE RULES.

1. Each competitor must cut out the diagram printed on this page, sign it at foot with full name and address, add the *nom de guerre* or initials which it is desired to use, pin the diagram to the reply, and enclose the whole in an envelope, addressed to the Bridge Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carnarvon-street,

London, E.C., accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.

There will only be one such entrance fee payable by each competitor during the whole of the Tournament. Consequently, no further postal order is to be sent in forwarding the remainder of the competitors' replies.

2. New competitors may enter at any time during the progress of the Tournament; but in such a case a complete set of diagrams from the beginning must always be enclosed with the entrance fee.

3. The outside of the envelope must be legibly marked above the address: "*Daily Mirror* Bridge Tournament." No communication whatever relating to other matters must under any circumstances be enclosed; not even queries on points of Bridge play, etc., which must invariably be sent under separate cover.

4. In all matters admitting of reasonable doubt, the decision of the Bridge Editor (which will be given with the strictest impartiality) must be accepted as final.

5. No person in the employ of, or connected with

the publication of the *Daily Mirror* will be allowed to compete.

6. The above rules are subject to modification or correction before the competition closes.

The postal order for 1s. (which must be crossed Barclay and Co.) must be sent in with the first solution, and competitors are urged to send in their replies day by day if possible, each one being written on a sheet of notepaper.

Back numbers can always be obtained through newsgents, or facsimile diagrams will be sent by the Bridge Editor on receipt of two penny stamps.

December 14 is the last day on which solutions will be received.

## BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

G. R. (Liverpool) asks what he ought to have done as dealer, holding the following hand:—

♥ A, Q, 2; ♠ A, J, 6, 4; ♦ Q, 2; ♣ Q, J, 10, 6, 5; the score being game all, and 28 to 26 in favour of the deal.

We should declare Spades. At love all, it is a no-trumper; but at the score it is quite useless to run risks in the Diamond suit. Nor would we leave it when Dummy may make a weak Diamond call, losing the odd trick and rubber. Take a practical certainty when you can.

J. C. (Eastbourne) writes:—I shall be obliged by your reply whether this is a certain no-trumper:—

♥ Q, 7; ♠ A, K, Q, 10, 7, 8, 2; ♦ K, 6; ♣ A, 4. (Dealers' hand at the score of love all.)

If, by a "certain" no-trumper, you mean a perfectly safe one, the answer is of course the negative, as it is quite possible for the dealer to be doubled and to lose grand slam. Nevertheless, no-trumps is the correct declaration.

M. K. (Bedford) writes:—I cannot help sending a few lines to say how intensely interesting I consider your Bridge Tournament. Putting aside the chance of winning a prize, the practice of working out the hands must improve one's play very considerably. Bedford is a great place for Bridge; I myself belong to two Bridge clubs, and there are daily Bridge parties.

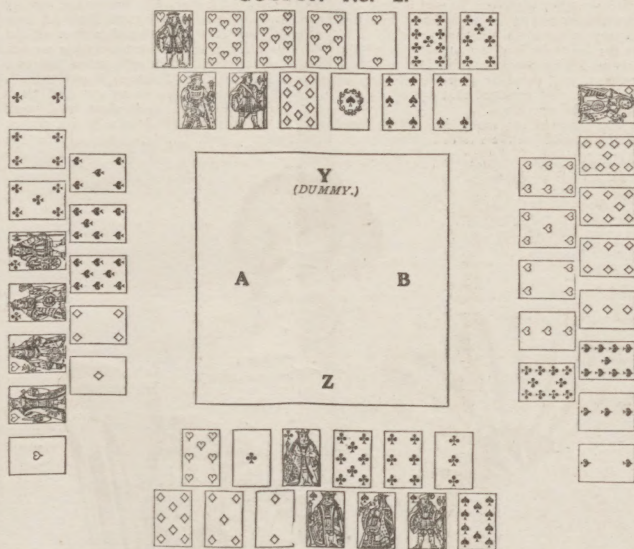
C. V. M.-G. (Carmarthen) asks:—Would it do if all the coupons were forwarded to you at the end of the time, as we do not get the papers here till mid-day?

The Tournament does not close till December 14, but it is very desirable, for more than one reason, that the Coupons should be sent in day by day. It will greatly facilitate the work of the checkers and adjudicators, and will enable us to announce the results and award at a much earlier date.

Several inquiries having reached us from beginners, asking for explanations on one or two points in the Bleheim Leads and Conventions, published yesterday, we answer them collectively in the present paragraph. A "tenace" is the best and third-best of a suit (Ace and Queen, if neither has been played), or the second and fourth-best (King and Knave, with the same proviso). The "fourth-best" card of a suit means the fourth card, in order of denomination, counting downward from the highest. To "sell" a suit is to play a suit in a way to play an unnecessarily high card. If a trump suit has been declared, and my partner, the original leader, opens with King, then Ace of a plain suit in which I hold seven and three only, I (being third hand) play the seven on first round, the three on second round. My partner then infers I have no more, and can trump the third round.

Ernest Berghoff.

## Coupon No. 2.



Score: Love all. Z deals and leaves it to his partner, who declares Hearts. A leads ♣ 2.

Write out what you consider would be the best play of the above hand if it were dealt in the ordinary course of play. The cards are not to be played as if all four hands were known, but just according to the usual rules of Bridge. Dummy's (Y's) hand being the only one laid face upwards on the table. State legibly at the head of your reply what number of tricks you claim for Y and Z.

Name..... Nom de Guerre  
or  
Address..... Initials .....

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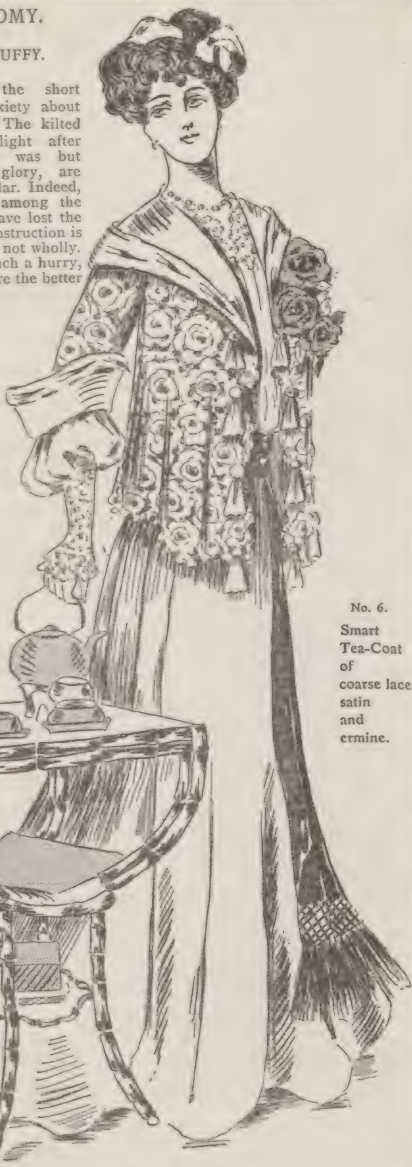
HINTS TO ECONOMY.

EDGES, FIRM AND FLUFFY.

WITH the return of the short skirt comes the old anxiety about the evenness of its extremity. The kilted skirts which are such a delight after the burden of a train that was but seldom a trailing cloud of glory, are specially annoying in this particular. Indeed, the straight edge is rare even among the smartest whose walking frocks have lost the first creases of newness. Their construction is to blame to a certain extent, but not wholly. It is because ladies are always in such a hurry; the dressmakers say. All skirts are the better for being hung for some days when half-made; the material is thus given time to drop by its own weight, after which the hem of the skirt can be turned up with some hope of permanence in the rectitude of its line.

How to Correct Them.

As for the plain skirt—which must be with us in some form as long as our women go in for any kind of sport—one of the principles of its being apparently is that it must shrink in front and drop at the back. That this condition must come is as certain as the tide. To restore equality of front and back will be to renew its youth. Braid, stitching, and facing must all be entirely removed first, no piecemeal work can possibly be satisfactory. The



No. 6.  
Smart  
Tea-Coat  
of  
coarse lace  
satin  
and  
ermine.

inside of the crease formed by the fold should then be pressed with a hot iron over a damp cloth, and a new turning made, shorter possibly by an inch or two at the back, and longer in all probability by just as much in front; the whole faced finally with a cross-cut band inside. When this is done at home the wearer will best secure the perfect result by standing on the table arrayed in the raw-edged garment, while an intelligent accomplice pins up the hem to an equal height all round. In almost every case some trimming of braid or

stitched band will be necessary to hide the alterations.

It cannot be too often repeated that a satin ribbon 2in. wide, sewn inside the skirt in place of the ordinary braid at the foot, makes walking a pleasure to the weary. It obviates that tripping sensation caused by the cloth hem catching upon gaiter or stocking, as wool will upon wool.

And every skirt, which is destined for rough weather, should be edged with braid or its equivalent. A moirétte petticoat, for instance, will live again if carefully braided round its

edge. But let it be done with care, or a lengthy measuring of the footway will be the result of hasty handicraft.

Real or Counterfeit.

The woman does not live who is indifferent to the charms of lace, and in the still present vogue of universal fluffiness every bit is of use, whether it comes from the coffers of one's ancestors or from the remnant basket of last summer's sale—and there are many people who will never know the difference! With much washing of lace, real though it be, the edge in time becomes ragged. But it need not be rejected on that account. A real point edging may be stitched along the border, carefully following the design, or one of the many fancy beadings through which a narrow velvet of delicate shade may be threaded. This if stretched rather firmly under the edge of the lace will greatly strengthen its line. Another fancy which gives distinction to a bodice drapery of lace is to edge it with a light make of fringe, for those who have not yet grown weary of fringe; and frills of chiffon, its width left to the discretion of the maker, is another method of painting the lily.

"Chic et pas Cher."

In the winter under-sleeves and ruffles of delicate fabrics, such as chiffon lace or crêpe de Chine, will be worn with more equanimity by the frugal-minded if made detachable. They will last twice as long if they can be removed at will, and always put away in tissue paper apart from the garment they are intended to adorn. Then, too, they can the more readily visit the cleaners in their isolated state; and with cleaners so excellent and so cheap, in darkest England no woman should be otherwise than exquisitely fresh.

The lace cuffs and collar of blouses should always be made detachable; the neck and sleeves being finished with very narrow bands, on to which the lace is very lightly tacked. It is indeed a good plan to have two pairs of each made to every blouse; they can then take turns at the wash, as nothing looks more unsightly and slovenly than soiled neck or wrist wear.

No. 6.—A PERSUASIVE MODEL.

Arranged in heavily-patterned old tint lace, mounted on chiffon, capuchin, and cavalier cuffs of Liberty, in a tender shade of pink, hemmed with ermine, little pink silk tassels ornamenting the front.

As it would be quite possible to fashion this tea-coat out of a lace flounce, we shall provide a pattern of the model. Or, failing lace, the suggestion would prove equally seductive in soft silk or satin, with capuchin and cuffs of lace. The approximate quantity of single width stuff required, five yards.

Flat pattern, 6jd.; tacked up, including flat, 1s. 3jd.

"DAILY MIRROR" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT.

Any numbered designs on this page can be obtained at the Paper Pattern Department, "Daily Mirror" Offices, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. All applications to include the number and the price of the pattern or patterns. The patterns will be cut, in the case of adults, in the medium size only. When the patterns are for children, the age of the child will always be stated. All amounts of 6d., or over, should be sent by means of postal order. Foreign Stamps cannot be accepted in payment for patterns. In every case ordered patterns are despatched at the earliest possible moment.

IT SHALL NEVER DIE.

To wit the blouse. If rumours as to its undue ubiquity could have killed this universally adored garment, its epitaph, "Requiescat in pace," would have been written long ago. Whereas we find au contraire our affections going out more and more to its amiable services, thanks to the distracting fuel provided by such specialists as Maude Taylor, 163b, Sloane-street. As the eye wanders in bewildered desire among the wealth of choice obtained here, the thought uppermost in every woman's mind must be, It can never die.

Maude Taylor has assuredly grasped the salient fact in connection with the subject that detail is everything, and, working on this belief, she rings a peal of subtle changes on each one of her original and delightful themes.

Striking the always happy mean is the dainty slip shown in the adjoining illustration, a model justifying the heartiest appreciation at 25s. 11d. Its chief component parts are a soft Eastern silk and quite new raised



A Slip of  
soft white silk  
and  
raised lace.

silk flower embroidery, held together by the favourite fagot stitch. Then the sleeves point at once the moral of the tale, anent detail here; for this seductive slip is provided with the long bouffants sketched, while for those who desire its services for more habillé occasions the sleeve terminates in graceful bating ruffles. And Maude Taylor is always pleased to send goods on approval on receipt of a trade reference.

A MULTITUDE OF MATERIALS

The woman has yet to be born who can resist a wealth of choice such as one finds in the generous box sent out by the famed firm of Egerton Burnett, Wellington, Somerset. Their winter delivery just to hand contains some particular attractions in red serges, hopsacks, and cloths, one of the accepted fancies of the seasons. In tweeds to be specially noted is the Success, in neat dark mixtures; the Dolgely, exhibiting a white splash effect on a dark ground, and the Edina; while for rough and ready cloaks and wraps to be specially commended is a reversible tweed at 10s. 6d., in charming plaid and check designs; also one somewhat quieter in colouring at 11s. 6d.

SUGGESTIONS FOR REVIVING OLD ITALIAN COIFFURES.

picturesque coiffure often depicted in Botticelli's masterpieces, where the hair parted on one side is caught up on either temple with a bunch of flowers in colours chosen to match the frock? While the happy owners of long, thick tresses could revive the vogue of wearing the hair parted and waved on either side of the face, and closely bound with a long pearl chain to form a solid rope down the back, the top of the head being covered by a tiny skeleton skull cap, formed of golden wire set with jewels, and in shape somewhat after the fashion of a spider's web.

Curious Eccentricities.

There were one or two types of headdress, however, more peculiar than pretty, notwithstanding which they were much worn for some centuries. Of these the huge turban, in shape somewhat like a melon, bearing a long veil, set on endways, and of such length as to reach the ground behind, was extremely popular. Another still more startling fashion led its exploiters to appear as though bearing the top of a small tree on their heads. This was formed of huge leaves cut out of cloth, which were set out round the

wearer's head to look like a parachute or a little umbrella, though whether it was intended for use only during inclement weather, the story does not state!

Lady Morgan, in her account of Genoa, remarks that "the women's heads are ornamented by a quantity of silver bodkins, forming a sort of coronet or star at the back, and confining a profusion of plaited tresses," which suggests a very charming fashion, and one that was seen, moreover, to great advantage in the production of "The Eternal City" at "His Majesty's" Theatre a little time ago.

At Genoa.

Dresses in Genoa at that date were considered heir-looms, and many a silken vest and quilted bodice, many a chain of gold and coral, purchased in the days of Genoa's prosperity, still remained to deceive the eye with an appearance of rural and commercial wealth.

Lady Morgan was an eye-witness of the way in which the famous Titian red-gold hair was produced by the beauties of Venice. The method was described by an old writer thus: "They (the women) wore very long crisped hairs of several strakes



The Faustina.

THE women of Italy were for many years famous for the antique grace with which they rolled their tresses, mingled with silken bands around their heads, the coiffure of the younger Faustina, with a coil of hair plaited upon the crown of her head, being especially popular, and it would be as charming as ever were it worn to-day.

What could be more enchanting, for instance, for the young girl not yet out, than the



Coif and Interwoven Chain of Pearls.



Coiffure Decked with Silver Bodkins.

and colours, which they make so by a wash, dischevelling it on the brims of a broad hat that has no head but a hole to put out their heads by."





## Fads and Fancies on the Writing Table.

Some New and Pretty Ideas.



No article in a woman's boudoir reveals her individuality so clearly as her writing table and its accessories. Whether her taste be refined or mediocre can be gauged at once, even from a sheet of note-paper; while the numerous odds and ends scattered about the escrutoire will serve to show whether her temperament be that of the frivolous woman who insists upon frivolity even in her knick-knacks, or whether her taste inclines to the solid and severe even in her photograph frames.

### The Fashionable Note-paper.

There can be no greater authority than Bond-street on fads and fancies in note-paper, and one of the most noted stationers in that centre of fashion declares that all modish women are using hand-made linen paper of a delicate azure tint. This paper is adorned with a lozenge-shaped medallion, in the centre of which is placed the owner's monogram or initial, and the envelope bears the like dainty impression. The shape of note-paper most favoured at the present moment is the large, flat sheet which may be folded in three and is then inserted in the square envelope with its deep, pointed heraldic flap.

### The Latest in Seals and Sealing-Wax.

The seal is of course an important item on a fashionable writing table, and in its newest form is quite an imposing ornament. Made of silver, the seal stands on a flat base and has a holder, which contains a silver pencil and a magnifying or reading glass. This is a delightful combination of objects absolutely necessary for every escrutoire, and by its side may be placed a silver ten-inch square rule, or a paper knife containing a silver penholder. Every woman of taste will be charmed with the thick wedge of sealing-wax, fashioned in every possible shade to harmonise with the stamping on her note-paper, and need no longer burn her fingers when she uses the sealing-wax holder made specially to hold the wedge of coloured wax.

### Dainty Accessories.

On the writing table must stand the tooled leather blotting pad, with its charming design of tiny golden roses, and there must be found a place for the twisted silver pen stand, capable of holding three or four pens, and fashioned out of one piece of silver wire. And will not every woman with dainty manicured fingers bless the last new thing in penholders, rightly called the "ejector," which by merely touching a spring straightaway ejects the old and soiled nib from the holder? If her taste be inclined to an inkstand of fairly large proportions, she will do well to invest in a square crystal bottle, finished with a plain silver top, the inside of which encloses a watch.

### Useful Odds and Ends.

Nowadays, a telephone stand which keeps the records of our friends' numbers and districts is an indispensable adjunct to every house, and constituted of Morocco or leather makes a welcome addition to the writing bureau. Nor must we omit one of the new silver-mounted silk tassel penwipers, a revival of an old fashion in a different form;

and here let it be remarked in passing that these thick strands of silk make the best possible cleanser for the gold pen of to-day. A postage-stamp case in silver, shaped after the manner of an envelope, is a necessity rather than a luxury, and who would omit the really sensible stamp damper in a small round silver tray, fitted with three layers of felt, which can easily be kept moistened with water?

### Further Pretty Possibilities.

One or two photograph frames will, of course, be wanted to adorn the top of the writing table. To lovers of the severe rather than the gaudy, it will be good news to hear that the frame most in request by women of refined taste is absolutely plain and square, mounted in solid silver bands above a frazzing of dark crimson velvet. One of the newest and daintiest frames is of ivory Morocco, tooled in a charming design of golden daisies or shamrocks, with an inner mount of turquoise velvet, finished off with gilt metal. Two delightful book blocks in tooled leather, powdered with gilt flowers, make an admirable case for holding the favourite books which will be found on every cultured woman's table. A heart-shaped paper-weight in tortoiseshell with silver mounts and a silver merry-thought clip will find a resting place on the bureau, nor will the perpetual calendar frame and memoranda tablet in a plain silver frame be forgotten. Certain indispensable books of reference, such as Bradshaw, Postal Guide, Whitaker, etc., go without saying, and there is a most fascinating "Knowledge in a Nutshell," comprising a dictionary, atlas, and gazetteer, which will be found just the thing to complete my lady's writing table.

All those requiring Servants should read page 14 of to-day's "Daily Mirror."

## £500 for a Postcard.

We are desirous of receiving suggestions for the development of the *Daily Mirror*. We will present

£1,000

to those who send the best hints, written on postcards, on or before Wednesday, December 2nd. Any person can send any number of hints, and gentlemen as well as ladies can assist. The rule should be observed of one hint on one postcard. The £1,000 will be divided as follows:—

For the Best Suggestion - - - £500.  
For the Second Best - - - £100.  
Eighty other Suggestions - - - £5 each.

The winners may, if they choose, nominate charities for the receipt of their awards if they do not care to retain the money themselves. With regard to the awards for postcard suggestions, the Editors of the *Daily Mirror* reserve to themselves the absolute right to be the sole arbiters in making any gift or award without giving any reason, and in case of any dispute their decision must be considered as final.

All postcards should be addressed:—

Suggestion Department,  
THE DAILY MIRROR,  
2, CARMELITE-STREET,  
LONDON, E.C.

## SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End shops.

### No. 36.—SAVOURY EGGS.

INGREDIENTS:—Six hard boiled eggs, one ounce of butter, salt and pepper, anchovy sauce.

Shell and cut the eggs in halves. Remove the yolks and put them in a basin with the butter, salt, pepper, and anchovy sauce to taste. Mix these well together, then rub the mixture through a sieve, taking care not to crush the feathery curls of the mixture after it has passed through the sieve. Cut a tiny piece of each half of the white of egg, so that it will stand firmly. Then lightly fill in each case of white with the mixture. Arrange the eggs prettily among lettuce leaves.

Cost 1s. for six portions.

### No. 37.—GREEN FIG PUDDING.

INGREDIENTS:—A tin of green figs, four eggs, one pint of milk, a few drops of vanilla, castor sugar, two ounces of plain chocolate.

Half fill a pie dish with the fruit. Beat up the yolks of the eggs, add to them the milk, vanilla, and sugar to taste. Fill up the dish with this custard. Bake it in a slow oven till the custard is set. Then whisk the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, stir lightly into it four tablespoonsful of castor sugar and the grated chocolate.

Heap this meringue roughly over the top of the pudding. Put the dish in a slow oven till the surface becomes crisp, then serve.

Cost 2s. for six portions.

### No. 38.—TOMATO SOUP.

INGREDIENTS:—Two ounces of bacon, one ounce of dripping, one carrot, one turnip, one stick of celery, two pounds of tomatoes, a bunch of parsley and herbs, a quart of stock, one ounce of sage or crushed tapioca, salt and pepper.

Cut the ham in pieces and fry it in the dripping. Cut up the vegetables and fry them, then slice and add the tomatoes, add also the herbs and stock. Put on the lid and boil till the tomatoes, etc., are tender. Then rub the soup through a sieve. Reboil it and shake in the sage or tapioca. Cook it till the sage is clear. Season it nicely with salt, pepper, and a few grains of castor sugar. Serve with a croûton of bread.

Cost 1s. 6d. for four portions.

### No. 39.—FRITOT OF SWEETBREAD.

INGREDIENTS:—One large sweetbread, a slice of fat bacon, a carrot, turnip, and onion, a bunch of parsley and herbs, half a pint of stock, a little lemon juice.

Soak the sweetbread in cold water for three hours. Blanch it, then wrap it up in the bacon, and again in buttered paper. Slice the vegetables and put them in a stewpan with the parsley and herbs. Lay the sweetbread on them and pour over the stock. Simmer the whole for half an hour. Then unwrap the sweetbread, put it between two plates with weights on the top. Leave till cold. Cut it in half, then stamp it out in rounds the size of the top of a tumbler. Sprinkle the rounds with lemon juice, salad oil, and chopped parsley. After one hour dip each round in frying batter and fry a golden brown. Arrange in a circle on a hot dish.

Cost 5s. 6d. for eight portions.

### No. 40.—TAPIOCA MERINGUE.

INGREDIENTS:—Two ounces of large tapioca, one pint of milk, three eggs, one grated lemon rind, one teaspoonful of castor sugar, half an ounce of pistachio nuts, vanilla, apricot jam, half an ounce of almond rosin.

Put the tapioca over night to soak in the milk. The next day cook it very slowly in the milk till soft and creamy. Add the sugar, lemon rind, and when it is cool beat the yolks of eggs. Put a layer of jam in a glass dish, pour the mixture on the top, and leave till cold. Blanch, shell, and chop the nuts, and crush the almond rosin. Beat the whites of the eggs to a very stiff froth; sweeten and flavour them nicely.

Heap this meringue over the tapioca roughly, shake over first enough powdered almond rosin to give it a pretty brown tint, then shake over the chopped pistachio nuts.

Cost, 1s. for six portions.

## A CHOICE OF DISHES.

**BREAKFAST.**  
Curried Fish Cutlets. Savoury Eggs.  
Game Toast.  
Galantine of Chicken. Cold Ham.

**LUNCH.**  
Pea Soup. Fish Cakes.  
Beef Olives.  
Green Haricot Salad. Egg Sandwiches.  
Green Fig Pudding.  
Stewed Pears and Cream.  
Pulled Bread. Cheese.

**COLD DISHES.**  
Cold Beef. Rabbit Pie.  
Game Patties.

**TEA.**  
Hot Potato Cakes.  
Almond Sponge Cake. Coffee Eclairs.  
Red Currant Jelly Sandwiches.  
Sultana Cake.

**DINNER.**  
Soups.  
\*Thick Tomato Soup.  
Clear Soup à la Julienne.

**Fish.**  
Red Mullet à la Maitre d'Hotel.  
Whiting Soufflé.

**Eggs.**  
\*Fritot of Sweetbread.  
Filets of Beef, with Champagne Sauce.

**Roasts.**  
Saddle of Mutton. Chickens.  
Game.  
Roast Pheasant.

**Vegetables.**  
Braised Celery. Sautéed Potatoes.  
Sweet.  
Chestnut Pudding. Apricot Cream.

**Savoury.**  
Welsh Rarebit.  
Ice.  
Chocolate.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

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LONDON, W.

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GLASGOW.

## EXCLUSIVE MODELS

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PELERINES

AND

STOLES.

EXPERTS IN ALL FUR WORK.

MAUDE TAYLOR,  
163b, SLOANE ST., S.W.



Blouse in Soft Venetian Cloth, daintily tucked New Shaped Sleeve and Grace Silk Tie. In Cream, Navy, Black, Cardinal, and Slate, made to order.

Price 2/6

Goods sent on approval on receipt of Trade Reference or Deposit.

## A BIT OF REAL LACE

is generally thought  
beyond ordinary purses.

AT  
JOHN WILSONS'

SUCCESSORS, LTD.,

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you can buy a handsome

Real Venetian Lace Tie

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AND  
other LACE proportionately cheap.

## Liver Troubles.

For the immediate relief and lasting cure of Biliousness, Dizziness, dull pains between the Shoulders, variable Appetite, Headaches, disturbed Sleep, Blisters on the Skin, Dropsy, white-coated Tongue, Irritability, and other Symptoms of Liver derangement, there is no Remedy so safe, so pleasant, so universally Successful as

Guy's Tonic

It encourages the Liver to perform its function naturally.

A Six-Ounce Bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1/6, is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere. There is nothing whatever "just as good."

## THE DAILY TIME-SAVER

## THE DISH OF THE DAY.

### No. 14.—Baron de Paulliac, "King Edward."

Created by the Chef of the Hotel Ritz, Paris, for the occasion of his Majesty's visit to Paris in May last.

Take a fine Paulliac lamb very white, cut it near the shoulders, between the second and third ribs, take the bones out of the saddle and ribs, cut the skin attached to the lower part of the saddle equally on both sides, then sew the two skins together into a pocket so that, when the saddle is stuffed, it should retain its natural shape.

Take four quarts of fresh maize (American green corn), boil it until it is quite soft, pass it through a fine sieve, then place your purée on the fire in a saucepan and allow it to dry slowly, adding a pint of thick cream to it, little by little; then take off the fire. When cold add to it about one-third the quantity of white of chicken very finely minced into a stuffing (farce), mix well with the maize purée.

Take a dozen fine bananas, peel them, brown them slightly in good butter with a little salt, then place them in the pocket you have formed with the saddle of your lamb, surround them with the stuffing you have made with the maize and chicken farce, close the pocket by sewing on to the extremity of it a piece of skin cut off the belly of the lamb.

Place the baron of lamb in a roasting dish and cook for an hour and a half in a hot oven, basting very frequently. Serve at the same time a rich gravy.

### PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Beef.	Mutton.	Veal.	Pork.
		<i>Fish.</i>	
		Cod.	Whiting.
		Sole.	Smelts.
		Turbot.	Brill.
		Oysters.	Prawns.
			Lobsters.
		<i>Poultry and Game.</i>	
		Woodcock.	Widgeon.
		Partridges.	Pheasants.
		Quails.	Hares.
		Turkeys.	Geese.
			Chickens.
			Rabbits.
		<i>Vegetables.</i>	
		Salads of various kinds.	
		Carrots.	Cabbages.
		Tomatoes.	Beetroot.
		Batavia.	Celeriac.
			Sea Kale.

### FRUIT IN SEASON.

Oranges of various kinds.  
Apples. Pears. Grapes. Nuts.  
Figs. Blackberries.  
Pineapples. Melons. Pomegranates.

### FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Blissoms for the Table.  
White Marguerites. Mimosa.  
Pink and Red Carnations.  
Asparagus Fern. Smilax.  
Plants and Cut Flowers for the House.  
Wall Flowers. Arum Lilies. Spireas.  
Small Laurels and Bay Trees.  
Begonias. Azaleas.



## Our Feuilleton.

# Chance, the Juggler.

BY CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

## CHAPTER XV.

Continued.

AFTER gazing at Martia for a moment in silence, the stranger spoke. At the first sound of his voice, she received a shock to her inherited instincts of what was fit, although it was a pleasant enough voice, with more of the sympathetic quality in which his dark eyes were so rich. It was also a very young voice, instinct with the gaiety of the temperament that is always young, because of its keen power of enjoyment. But he was a complete stranger to her, and it was not for him to address her in the first place. When she heard the words that he spoke, she was filled with intense surprise, not unmixed with alarm.

"I was wondering," he said gravely, "whether you are a lady in whom charity is stronger than convention?"

Her face stiffened; she turned her eyes coldly upon him. But there was something so charmingly frank in his manner, so perfectly polished and yet so natural, that her anger died as soon as it was born, and she answered his question with another faint shadow of a smile.

"Why do you ask that?"

"Because," he said, "I have a thorn in my hand, and I cannot get it out. I tried to, driving to the station, but I made a mess of it, and—"

"Show it to me," she said, simply. "I will try."

He came and sat down beside her and held out his hand. The thorn was embedded in the fleshy part of the palm. He had evidently not improved matters by his attempt to extract it, for the place was already a little swollen, and the skin around looked red and angry.

Martia took a gold pin with a large pearl head out of the soft white muslin stock round her neck, and, after some probing, which caused him considerable pain, of which he did not betray the faintest trace, she managed to pull out quite a large and ugly-looking thorn.

"Why, how did you manage to get that into your hand?" she asked, taking quite a surgeon's pride in the successful operation. "Now, a handkerchief, please!"

He handed it to her obediently, and she bound up the injured member with deft fingers. She noticed that it was a well-shaped white hand, beautifully kept. She had seen before, with all a woman's quickness in such matters, that, although not fashionably dressed, and even a trifle shabby, he was scrupulously well-groomed.

"I was helping my hostess to nail up a rose tree this morning before I left," he said, in answer to her question. "I didn't notice it at the time; and, when it began to feel uncomfortable, I had only just time to catch the train. I am exceedingly grateful to you, he added, and then, with a strange and winning mixture of earnestness and fun, "and now that you have performed this act of mercy, that I am sure you would have done for any man who was fortunate enough to need your kind offices, I don't think you had better talk to me any more."

There was something so frankly ingenuous in his manner, such an unusual and piquant mingling of a man's assurance with a boy's gaiety, that her strong sense of humour was irresistibly touched, and she laughed aloud. It was the first time she had laughed genuinely for a month.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because," he answered, and in his voice was an undercurrent of seriousness, "you and I belong to different worlds."

"How do you know that?"

"By the look of you—by your clothes, by her, by everything." His eyes surveyed her with a gentle deference. "You do not know me," he added, "and if you did you would probably disapprove of me. There are things about me that would shock your prejudices, such as there are things about you that shock mine."

Again his frankness provoked a little smile, so long a stranger to her lips, which revealed the seductive beauty of her curves.

"And what is there about me that shocks you?"

"Well, for instance," he said, "I don't approve of some folks wearing jewels like yours while others have no bread to eat." With a slight gesture he designated the handsome rings on her hands, from which she had retracted her gloves, when she extracted the thorn that had been the cause of his somewhat unusual conversation. His eyes were back her veil for the same purpose. She thought she detected the very slightest change in the expression of his wonderful eyes, from interest and frank friendliness to a vague and impersonal pity, and she wondered if they were skilled in reading the faces of men and women, and whether, after that period of relaxation, she had unskillfully adjusted her thick patterned lace that covered her features from his sight.

"And do you practise what you preach?"

"I try to. I was afraid I should offend you."

"I am not offended. Won't you tell me your name?"

She was unaccountably interested. She was vaguely aware that she might be accused of curiosity. She had never in all her life talked so freely to a stranger. Perhaps it was because she imperatively needed something to take her thoughts from the dark subjects that had of late so entirely filled her mind.

"Certainly," he said. "My name generally makes people laugh. I don't suppose you will ever have heard it. It is Christian Morning."

"Of course I have heard it," she said, with growing interest. "You wrote a book called 'The Democratic Ideal.'"

"You have read it?"

"With the greatest interest."

"It is not a book I should expect to find in your library. I am quite sure it was not widely circulated among your friends."

She smiled again in answer to the merry challenge of those remarkable eyes. "No, perhaps not. As a matter of fact, my father-in-law's confessor lent it to me."

"A priest?"

"Yes, and a most large-minded man. But, tell me, why does your name make people laugh?"

"I think because they call me an atheist, and see less in me of the light of the morning than of the darkness of the night." He was looking away from her, and she furtively studied the fine lines of his lips and the strength of his square jaw. It was a face that at first won you with its charm, and then impressed you with its power. She wondered how old he was; from his face, unlined and clean shaven, it was impossible to tell, and there was not a white hair in his head.

"And are you an atheist?" she asked.

He seemed taken aback by the question, and then smilingly welcomed a frankness equal to his own.

"No, I don't think so," he said. "But men think that if one does not worship at their altars, and call down the blessing of their deity, on institutions one considers unhallowed, one must necessarily have no faith. It has been so in all ages. I think I am generally looked upon as what the early Christians were officially termed by the Romans to justify their martyrdom—enemies of mankind."

There was a touch of bitterness in his voice. Martia retreated precipitately into her shell. She had caught that first swift look of surprise in his face, and thought he resented being questioned on so personal a matter as his religion. She blamed herself hotly for her excessive curiosity, wincing at the thought of how ill-bred he must consider her. He could not know that, after the fearful concentration of her whole being on one subject, this unconventional conversation was as refreshing to her worn-out brain as the manna to the children of Israel.

She made an effort to retreat gradually into a dignified silence by offering him a newspaper to read, which he declined.

"I would rather talk to you, if you don't mind," he said.

"Do you live in London?" she asked, another question slipping out unawares.

"Yes—in a district that I am sure is quite unknown to you. For your sake I am glad of it."

"In the East End?" And she added, remembering his book, that she had read very carefully, struck by the original way in which he treated various age-worn problems, "do you carry out all your doctrines?—Do you possess nothing?"

"Nothing to speak of. A few books, you know. But I am rich in comparison with the people I live among."

"Do you mind answering my questions?" she said abruptly.

"Not in the least. It is the very smallest return I can make for your kindness."

"Well," she said, and there was actually the ghost of a mischievous look in her grey eyes, "why do you travel first class?"

"I don't. I deny the charge; I never do. You see, I had to get in somewhere, I didn't want to miss the train. Only," he added, quizzically, "I'm afraid my principles, strong though they may be, will not preserve me from having to pay the supplement."

And then they both laughed like children.

"If you think me intolerable, don't answer me," she said presently; "but are you going to Torhampton?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to speak there?"

He shook his head.

"I'm sorry. I should like to have heard you."

"I assure you I can't speak at all. I shall never set the Thames on fire in that direction. But you're awfully good. No, I'm on a holiday." That was really just what he seemed like, a boy on a holiday. "I'm going to stay with a friend. Do you know Torhampton?"

"Very well. My husband is stationed there. I have told you my name. It is Chesney—Mrs. Chesney."

He acknowledged it with a little bow that had a strange and vivid grace, and she wondered why a man whose personality was so full of charm and colour should have become the ardent champion of the great grey masses of the people.

"If your husband is a soldier, Mrs. Chesney," he said, "I expect you know my host—Colonel Joscelyn."

"Colonel Joscelyn," she cried. "Is he a friend of yours?"

"I think, my best friend."

"I did not know," she murmured, unaccountably confused. It seemed so strange to couple the image of the Colonel, so quiet, so conventional, so entirely of the world, with this ardent and strangely attractive champion of Democracy. "Yes, I know him—but not very well," she added. "My husband is in his regiment." And then, to cover a certain embarrassment that she herself had introduced

by her display of astonishment, she added, lightly—"But, Mr. Morning, I discover another inconsistency. You must pay the penalty of having interested me in your book. Strictly speaking, if you don't approve of me, you ought not to approve of Colonel Joscelyn."

"I don't approve of his profession," he corrected, mildly.

"You consider war the last abomination," she went on, still in the same playful tone, "and every soldier a butcher. Now, how do you defend yourself? Are you not pledged to uphold your doctrines?"

"My only excuse is human weakness," he replied, with a shrug. "Your remarks are as true as they are scathing. I cannot even offer you the feeble rejoinder that Paul Joscelyn is a soldier from anything but choice. He is one to his heart's core."

"Perhaps you hope to convert him?" she inquired.

"Who knows?" He smiled enigmatically.

Just then the train slowed up, and ran into the Eastern Torhampton Station, about a mile from the Central one, which was right at the other end of the town.

Martia saw a familiar figure hurrying down the platform, none other than the angular and forbidding form of the Earl of Clowes. She had imagined him still in London, for his presence here he was evidently in residence at Clowes Park, his magnificent estate about three miles outside the town of Torhampton.

The young man with whom she had become so unexpectedly acquainted, and whose conversation had made the last part of the journey seem so incredibly short, had moved into the corner seat opposite to her, and had also caught sight of the hurrying figure of the peer.

"I know that man's face as well as possible!" he exclaimed, with his keen, boyish interest in everything that was passing around. "I must have seen his picture somewhere. Cross-looking old beggar! Do you know who he is?"

"He is a kinsman of my husband," Martia answered with a smile. "Oh, don't apologise! He is rather proud of the unbending sternness of his appearance. I expect you have seen his portrait in connection with Evangelical Church Congresses, and things of that sort. He is one of the richest men in England, but he always travels third class; and, as I suppose he is now going home after attending to some business in this part of the town, he will take a little country omnibus to the other station which, for three pence, will put him down at his own park gates. You ought to approve of him."

"Why?"

"Are those not true democratic principles?"

"Well, they sound all right," he laughed. "But the park gates savour of a remnant of aristocracy!"

"His son," she added, "is going to marry one of the most beautiful girls in England; and the most unhappy." She spoke the last words under her breath, and then pulled herself together as if with an effort. "You will probably meet him," she said, in her ordinary tones. "He is in Colonel Joscelyn's regiment. His name is Viscount Verulam."

A sudden deep flush spread over the man's clear, olive-tinted cheeks.

"You say she is unhappy!" he exclaimed sharply, with a tremor in his voice, as if he were shaken by a sudden emotion. "What do you mean?"

Martia stared at him in undisguised astonishment. "I ought not to have said it," she rejoined. "It was indiscreet. It did not occur to me—I mean—you speak as if you knew her."

"Oh, everyone has heard of the beautiful Lady Claudia Waynflete." He spoke lamely; his frank gaiety and his ready speech seemed to have dropped from him as if by magic.

The train steamed into the station. In the bustle of arrival Martia had only time to say a few hurried words. "Please forget what I said about Claudia. We women imagine the most ridiculous things about our friends. If you ever meet her, you will understand that no man—no man on earth—could ever be worthy of her."

Finding that he could do nothing for her, as she was met by one of her servants, Christian Morning disappeared from her sight.

As he drove away in the Colonel's smart dogcart sent to meet him, he saw nothing of what was around him. In his heart was a great bitterness; his whole consciousness was absorbed by the dark thoughts of revolt that filled his brain. "She is unhappy—she is unhappy! And I can do nothing—nothing but watch, and, if I am wise, I shall pray that I may never see her face again."

## CHAPTER XVI.

PHILIP and Martia Chesney did not live in the married officers' quarters in Torhampton Barracks, but in a pleasant, old-fashioned cottage residence, surrounded by a large garden, just on the outskirts of the town, about half a mile from the barracks, of which Lord Clowes had given them the freehold on their marriage, and which had formed part of that eccentric peer's property, as did nearly the whole town of Torhampton and well-nigh two-thirds of the county. As there was no dearth of subalterns, Philip had found no difficulty in obtaining permission to inhabit this house, which, however, he and Martia looked upon rather in the light of a white elephant, as, when the regiment was transferred to some other depot, they would certainly never desire to return to Torhampton during their brief holiday trips, and the

vicinity of Clowes Park held out no special attraction.

Martia drove from the station in a hired fly, leaving her boy to collect her luggage and follow. He was a rosy-faced country boy, and he looked hot but exceedingly proud in his smart tight blue livery, with rows of silver buttons.

Among the many extravaganzas that had extended their expenditure so far beyond their income, they had never included a carriage. Philip had a high dog-cart with an excellent horse, and this same rosy-checked boy possessed a groom's livery, with faultless buckskins, a tall hat and cockade, and sat perched up behind.

How often they had found matter for amusement in the contrast between their real financial position and the appearance they presented to the world! How carelessly Martia had viewed the steadily-increasing bills that came from Paris for those lovely gowns which both she and Philip delighted in! With what mad, irresponsible gaiety she had allowed Philip to buy her every jewel she fancied—jewels she did not need, for her father-in-law allowed her gladly to deck herself with the splendid contents of the Chesney jewel cases!

Now that the brightening influence of her travelling companion was removed she drove home in a darkly gloomy frame of mind. Her whole outlook on life had changed. Torhampton revolted her; it looked so dull and small and quiet, with its one picturesque street, and its rows and rows, never ending rows it seemed to her, of small brick houses, and its new and pretentious town hall. There was nothing to distract her, nothing to help her pass the weary days. She had few friends in the town; she had never needed them. Absorbed in her devotion to her husband, who had passed by, without seeing them, the people who might have been sympathetic. Outside the Service set, there were only the people who owned the big houses round about, but who hardly ever lived in them; and Lord Clowes' intimates murmured their faultless clothes, and whispered that she was worldly.

So it was with brooding eyes and listless step that she descended from the cab and unlatched the gate in the park fence that surrounded her little domain. The house was situated between two roads, one the main thoroughfare splendidly level and thick with dust, the other a picturesque lane, with high hedges, that led into the open country, past the massive gates of Clowes Park, to the little village of Clowes, nestling at the foot of the salient spur of a low range of hills, from whence could be seen one of the most beautiful views in all England. The house itself was not visible from the road, as it stood in the middle of a large, triangular garden. The view from the upper windows was charming, as the little red brick houses had not yet encroached on the belt of gorse-grown common land, which stretched for miles on either side of the main road.

Martia walked slowly up the narrow gravel path between the two wide lawns that were a neglected air, the grass growing long and weeds showing here and there. The white garden, she thought, had the air of a wilderness; only the trees looked well, with their massive and ancient beauty, crowned with summer foliage. But it was so different from her father-in-law's garden, with its lawn like velvet and its trim little hedges and masses of sweet-scented flowers. Here the paths were full of weeds, and the flowers looked untended, and the hedges uncultivated; and yet it was a garden with possibilities. It was like a person badly dressed in good materials; it had none of the wild and luxuriant beauty of complete neglect.

To be Continued To-morrow.

## A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

### "AN EMBER PICTURE."

A chance had brought us together,  
Our talk was of matters of course;  
We were nothing one to the other,  
But a short half-hour's resource.

Arrived at her door, we left her,  
With a drippingly hurried adieu;  
And our wheels went crunching the gravel

Of the oak-darkened avenue.  
As we drove away through the shadow,

The candle she held at the door  
From rain-washed tree-trunk to tree-trunk

Flashed fainter, and flashed no more.  
Flashed fainter, then wholly faded

Before we had passed the wood;  
But the light of the face behind it  
Went with me, and stayed for good.

Had she beauty? Well, not what they call so;  
You may find a thousand as fair:  
And yet—there's her face in my memory.

With no special claim to be there,  
As I sit sometimes in the twilight,  
And call back to life in the coals  
Old faces and hopes and fancies

Long buried (good rest to their souls!)—  
Her face shines out in the embers,  
I see her holding the light,  
And hear the crunch of the gravel,  
And the sweep of the rain that night.

J. Russell Lowell.



Advertisements are accepted at the offices, 45 and 46, New  
d Street, between the hours of 10 and 7, for insertion in  
issue of the following day.

## SITUATIONS VACANT

**NURSE-HOUSEMAID** required at once; five in family; £16-18.—277 'Daily Mirror,' 15, New Bond street.

**FRENCH NURSE** for little girl, five; £20; willing to make herself generally useful.—Jerard 17, Grove Park-gardens, Chiswick.

**HOUSE PARLOURMAID** wanted for small house; 2 in family; must be of good appearance, neat, able to clean silver well, and wait at table.—Apply, stating age, experience and wages required, and enclosing a

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID; three in family; wages, £22-£24; no beer.—9, Durward House, Kensington-court.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID, immediately; experienced; two in family; housemaid except; £20.—316, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

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HOUSE-PARLOURMAID wanted, from December 1st. 1886. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832,

**HOUSE-PARLOURMAID** required for 3 in family, 4 servants kept; £24.-280. "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

PARLOURMAID, for three in family; 5 ser-  
vants kept; no beer.—278, "Daily Mirror,"  
15, New Bond-street.

**M**AID, experienced, for Wales, good hair-dresser and dressmaking; £30; age 30 to 35.-260, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

USEFUL Maid, one lady; drawing-room lamps to do; £24; two in family; three servants kept.—273. "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

**MOTHER'S HELP** wanted; domesticated; good needlewoman; salary £12.-4, Glenbrook-road, West Hamstead N.W.

**KITCHENMAID** Wanted by 29th: £16.-54s.  
"Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

**EXPERIENCED** Nurse wanted; two children; good needlewoman; £21.-53s.

**FRENCH** Nurse, lady preferred: three boys; £20: good needlewoman.—259. "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

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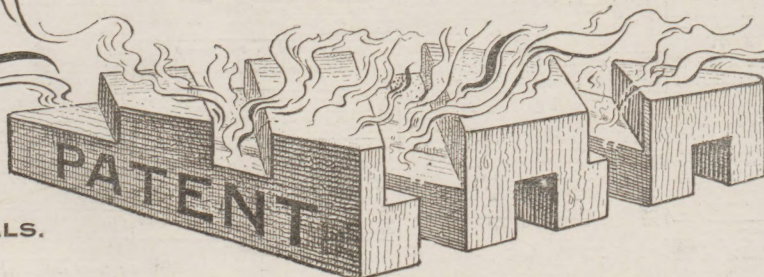
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